National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXX. NO. 15. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869. WHOLE NO. 1,521.

National Anti-Slavery Standard,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 39 Nassau Street, New York.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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For rates of Advertising and Club terms see Fourth page.

FROM VIRGINIA.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, VA., July 26th, 1869.

DEAR MR. POWELL:—I received the enclosed copy of a note yesterday. It describes the horrible license which the late election encourages and emboldens in these *young* Rebels. These *are*, as your Washington correspondent truly reports, more dreadful than the *old* ones;—grown to maturity under the awful influences of hate and malignity rife during the war. It was the vote of these *boys*, (numbers of them doubtless *minors*) that helped to swell the Rebel triumph at the polls.

"I know'd there would be no *fair* election for us when I see the Rebels bringing *their little children* to the polls to vote against us!" said one of the honest, voting Freedmen to me the afternoon of July 6th.

Miss Holly and I *saw* them voting. Every doubtful *colored* voter was rigidly rejected by the Board of Registry, even though grown men, with families of their own. When such offered their names, the pious Board (every man of it hostile to the Radical ticket, which was shamefully unfair, gave severe moral lectures on the heinous crime of *perjury!*

The only reply of these poor, wronged men and their mothers and fathers, was—"We was always kept in ignorance, all our days, of how old we were,—and how can we swear to what we can never know?—though to the best of my belief my child is twenty-one."

The audacity of the *New York Tribune* is marvellous, to us who witnessed this desperate, one-sided Rebel game, in publishing that "not a single man was kept from his free vote" in this disgraceful Virginia election.

Miss Holly spoke to a crowded meeting in Fairfield just before the election, with inspired power.

Rebel Col. Burgess, seeing how she was encouraging the colored men to vote the whole Radical ticket, interrupted to give this menace to the Freedmen—"If you vote against us, and our interest, how can you blame us, if *we injure you all we can?*"

I suppose the *Tribune* would have taken that man's word, that he was the *friend* of the colored man, though a broken-hearted mother sat beside us whose two children *starved to death in her sight* in a *Richmond jail*, where Col. BURGESS carried them in the war to keep them from freedom.

To every mind here in Virginia, it is evident that negro Suffrage is never to be a *free choice*, but dictated by despotic land-owners, as remorseless to their victims as when they drove them with whips to unpaid toil in the field. These poor, betrayed colored voters, who stood with sublime courage, and martyr heroism in the breach that sad day, in defense of Justice and Liberty, holding in their right hand the Freeman's vote, and in their left the tyrant's notice that at Christmas they would not have a shelter to their head, nor a spot to stand on,—these *loyal-hearted Virginians* are sorely puzzled to understand how it is they have been so cheated and given over to their old enemy again by the Government they had trusted.

The only United States official here in Lottsburg is the Postmaster. He voted with the rebels, though he can neither read his vote nor write his name to his bond. His *deputy*, an avowed secessionist and a confederate soldier, insulted the colored voters with the taunt, election night, "It is the *last* time you will have the pleasure of voting." What support can *Grant* look for to the Fifteenth Amendment from such men? If it *does* become law, these rebels expect to effectually deprive the landless colored men of its benefit, by controlling the vote, or failing in that, drive them from the soil. "Rule or ruin" is their native breath.

A white Virginian, a Union man here, said, "if this election is going to stand, Government had better have given the power up to the rebels in the beginning." It is a cruel blow to all loyalists, who expect a reign of terror.

Miss Stebbins, the writer of this note, is one of the most faithful and valued teachers of the Washington colored schools.

Miss S—— is a native of Massachusetts, and has had an enviable record as teacher in the heart of that grand old Commonwealth, the home of *Free Schools* so despised and hated and persecuted here in Virginia.

Would that help might arise from that quarter to save the tract of woodland in which Miss S— has invested the savings of her generous, laborious life, hoping to establish on it a Freedmen's School. It is now at the mercy of these Rebels, though against law and right, who advertise to sell it at auction for taxes and payment due. Here is a benevolent, brave-hearted woman willing to live and work and suffer for the colored people. If she could be helped now, by any Northern purchaser of this land, it would be a spot for the Freedmen to colonize, and a school to grow up with a capable, efficient lady as teacher, guide and friend:—an invaluable influence towards the establishment of Freedom in Virginia.

May some heart move to this philanthropic appeal! Seven hundred dollars will stay the sale, and $1800 clear all liabilities on the whole land, 250 acres.

If the colored men are driven from shelter and land, as they are threatened to be, such a place as this would be an asylum for hundreds of them, and God only knows where this weary, oppressed, down-trodden people *is* to turn for the kindly protection they gave *our* struggling Cause and Union soldiers in the day of our need.

Mrs. Foster is a Freedmen's teacher at Lancaster, and Miss Stebbins and Mr. Dow went over to see her. C. F. P.

DR. NASH'S, HEATHSVILLE, July 25th, 1869.

Dear Miss Putnam:—The second night after reaching Lancaster, our buggy, or rather that of a colored man's which we were using until ours was repaired, was taken off to quite a distance, and with the harness was completely cut and broken to pieces. On our way home, passing through "Lancaster Court House," we were beset by a crowd of F. F. V's, who yelled and hooted and gave mock cheers for "Dow! Dow! Dow!" until it seemed as if we were no longer on earth but in pandemonium. Two sons of wealthy men followed us for miles, screaming and howling all the way like hounds rather than men, riding close in our rear or alongside, or getting a little in advance, fronted us and offered the most insulting and profane speeches. *One* was designed for me, if not others, "I guess I'll go to Washington, and see if I can't get a school!" At last, angry that we gave no word of retaliation, one shouted at the top of his voice, "Well, I wouldn't stand *that* if I came from *H—ll!* much less *Massachusetts!*" prolonging the word in a most scornful manner, and then came almost endless mock cheers for "Dow! and Massachusetts!" At last they left us to travel on, alone, though we came as fast as possible, not knowing what ambush might be in our path. But we returned to the Doctor's without further adventure. We had planned to go over to see you on Wednesday, but Mr. Tatum wished to go down to Lancaster to attend a meeting of the League, and needed our horse. He has not yet returned, and we begin to feel some anxiety.*

I have been busy since my return in writing some articles for different papers, relative to the outrages that have been offered us, and the frauds of the late elections. I do hope the eyes of good men everywhere will be opened. Our place is advertised. I shall exert every effort, in the hope to be able if possible to save this little homestead for freedom. Yours truly,

LAURA W. STEBBINS.

P. S.—The spiteful hate towards Mr. Dow, is owing to his appointment as *County Clerk* by the Military Commander. Last court day the rebel sheriff forcibly took the keys from him, amid the rejoicing of rebels, and we wait for the action of government. L. W. S.

*Mr. T—— is the elected representative of the colored men to the State Legislature.

LETTER FROM JOHN OLIVER.

RICHMOND, August 4th, 1869.

THE Virginia State election is at last over, and its results give us another and interesting page in the history of reconstruction; it has unraveled the intricacy of our republicanism, subordinated the carpet-bagger, scallawag and negro elements, and given Bull Run back to the Conservative Committee of nine who besieged the President last spring, and now like McClellan's army, our irregular Republican forces have all fallen back upon our Washington, or our better judgment, for the purpose of reorganizing our routed and demoralized party. There never was, however, such profound quiet on this Potomac, even in the days of her ancient peace, as now rests upon the external face of affairs in Old Virginia. Since Walker's election business is duller than ever, and there are more houses for rent than there were two years ago. For twenty-five or thirty days we have heard of no breach of the peace by which the ire of the law could be stirred; only, now and then a swarthy looking Dutchman will beat a black girl for gently moving the carriage in which his young scion is quietly reposing, to one side of the sidewalk, so that she could pass through a crowd; but this is a small matter, and she is intercepted before she can reach the nearest justice, and is prevailed upon not to take out a warrant for the arrest of the man who beat, bruised and otherwise maltreated her, for fear of raising an excitement, and thereby produce a ripple on the quiet of our now peaceful community. The old secessionists of Virginia, emboldened by the President's permission to expurgate the new Constitution of its disqualifying clauses, have rushed on in this election, not like men having the blame of an offended Government and people hanging over them, but like the free knights of Slavery were wont to do in the palmy days of that institution, when there was no appeal from their decision. On they have gone to the subduing and controlling of everybody who have been found residing in their borders. Coercion, intimidation and starvation were the means used by which the negro was made to vote against himself. And now, having succeeded in taking the State by violence, at the ballot-box, as they could not take it by means of the cartridge-box, and suffering the remorse which always haunts the evil doer, they are living out a sham peace with their ex-slaves, thereby trying to smuggle themselves back into the Union around the test oath, the very thing created by Congress for the purpose of parrying these rebel State Governments.

But we are now in condition to have the action of the Georgia legislature in regard to her colored members repeated here. The democrats say they have acted strictly upon Gen. Grant's advice, that is to say "the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is by enforcing it rigidly." This they say they have done by adopting the Bayne-Underwood Constitution, with negro suffrage and negro equal rights; but all must see when a cause so hateful as negro suffrage is espoused by its enemies, its success is at once made doubtful: the adoption of the new Virginia Constitution by the rebels means nothing so far as individual rights are concerned unless its spirit is kept and enforced to the letter, because the same majorities when reconstructed may repudiate it at any time. They have resisted negro suffrage for four years, and might have been reconstructed long since if they would have accepted that measure as a settlement of the negro question from a Northern political stand-point; but they would not, and what now seems extremely devious to us about the feature, is that a large percentage of *white Republicans* acted with the conservative party in this election, and by their course have deferred the settlement of the main question to an indefinite period. They cut off their noses to spite their faces; they could not bear contact with the negro and took themselves over and voted with rebels, and now they have not got moral strength enough to compel the appointment of one of their number superintendent over the dog catchers' gang. If the State is admitted as things stand now, the civil rights of the black man will be eschewed, and the Republican party can only come into power in this State by that long and dreary process which must take within itself the hazards of any expediency. JOHN OLIVER.

THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT OUTRAGE.

FIVE UNOFFENDING NEGROES BEATEN, CUT, AND DROWNED BY THE RAFTSMEN—FULL PARTICULARS.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* prints full particulars of the outrage on the deck-hands of the steamer Dubuque. It says:

The most fearful and bloody series of murders ever perpetrated on the Upper Mississippi River, and of a character never before known on a steamboat in these waters, were committed on the Northern Line steamer, Dubuque, John B. Rhodes, Captain, at and near the levee at Hampton, Ill., 7 miles above this city, yesterday morning. Five negroes, deck-hands, were victims of the prejudice and ferocity of a crew of raftsmen, and were beaten, cut, and drowned. The steamer left Daverport at about 7 o'clock in the morning. She is known as one of the finest packets in her line. Her deck crew was composed of some thirty hands, some of whom were white, but the majority were negroes. When she left here, the mate informs us, she had over 200 deck passengers on board, a third of whom were raftsmen, the remainder being harvest hands. She also had over 100 cabin passengers. The deadly riot commenced a little after 8 o'clock as the steamer was nearing Hampton. Mr. Jones, second clerk, went on deck to examine tickets and receive fares, and stationed a colored deck-hand named Moses Davison at the stairway to prevent deckers from going above while he was thus employed. Soon a raftsman, well-known as "pock-marked Lynch," attempted to ascend the stairs. Davidson stopped him, and after a brief quarrel, blows were passed. The mate, John F. Sweet, interposed and stopped the fight. Then, save loud talking among many of the raftsmen and by Lynch himself there was no trouble for ten minutes or so. Davison stood one side and bore their insults without returning a word. By this time the boat was at the levee. At last the raftsmen formed a kind of ring on the forecastle, with Lynch in their centre, and Davison was hustled alongside of him, and commanded to fight it out. Lynch didn't like the looks of Davison, and, calling him a d—n nigger, went for him with a chunk of coal. In an instant, as if the matter had been agreed upon, as many as twenty-five of the raftsmen joined in the assault. The bloody work began. Some of the raftsmen ran to the shore and armed themselves with chunks of coal, with which they stormed the colored men. But Lynch and one Ted Butler, with a dozen followers, commenced hunting the negroes on the boat. In the *melee*, Davison escaped and ran up to the hurricane deck and secreted himself under the life-boat aft of the Texas. The Lynch gang went sweeping through the deck passages. The negroes scattered—some leaping to the shore, and some rushing for upstairs. Two of them were caught aft of the engines, terribly pounded and cut, and hurried to the stern, and made a leap into the water. The passengers saw them sink immediately, and that was the last of them. The water colored with their blood as they went down. Their names were Wm. Olmstead and Clayton Jones. Both were from New Orleans. One negro was pursued along the starboard guards, across the rear of the boilers, to the larboard guards, where he was hit on the head with a piece of coal, caught, and beaten till he was nearly senseless. Then a half dozen villains seized him, ran him to the stern, and jumped him into the water. It was said by two lady passengers who saw him as he sank, from the windows of the passage in the rear of the ladies' cabin, that his throat was cut from ear to ear! His name was not ascertained. The fourth negro who was murdered was pursued up stairs, along the cabin guards, and across the hurricane deck to the other side, down to the guards and the stairs to the deck again. He fled towards the stern, was caught, and plunged into the river. As he struck the water a great piece of coal struck him on the head, and he went to the bottom. About ten of the negroes escaped to the shore and ran away unharmed, although several shots were fired at them from revolvers.

After the murder of the negroes mentioned above, the raft fiends made a hunt for "niggers." They wandered all through the places and by-ways on deck, and along the guards of the cabin, and on the hurricane deck. At last Lynch spied Davison as the latter lay curled up under the life-boat. He cried out, "Here's a——son of a bitch." Davison heard him, and turning the boat up, sprang out, and ran with a knife in hand toward the cabin stairs. Lynch cried, "That's the one we want," and with three others pursued him. Down on the deck went Davison. There Ted Butler tried to stop him, and Davison slashed his bowels with a knife. The negro then fled to the place where four of his fellows had met their death, and on his way was hit with a piece of coal. He jumped into the river, and paddled with his hands for a while, and kept his head out of water. Two men set out from shore with a skiff to rescue him, but before they could get near him he ceased his efforts and sank! Passengers' efforts for the saving of the negroes were numerous and successful. Several negroes were locked up in state-rooms in the ladies' cabin. One instance is mentioned particularly. The Rev. D. C. McCoy, of Macomb, Ill., was in his state-room with his wife. A negro nearly covered with blood from a cut in his throat, fairly bounded through the open outside door, and cried, "Save me, do save me, Missis!" The lady, perfectly ignorant of the terrible work going on outside, immediately closed the door. In an instant, almost, she heard the tramp of men outside, and the cry, "Where is the hellion?" Then there was a rush back for the bow, and her protege was safe. He remained in the room more than an hour. Mr. McCoy sponged his wounds, and bound them, and made the poor fellow as comfortable as possible. Several of the hunted hands were secreted in the Texas rooms by the officers. A Davenport negro named Marshal White was severely wounded. He had taken deck passage to McGregor in company with one Wm. Alexander of East St. Louis, and another colored man whose name he did not know. The three were standing near the machine known as the "nigger," when the hunt began. Immediately six or seven scoundrels made for them. White jumped over some boxes and ran forward, and as he did so he was slashed with knives across the sides of his head and in his left thigh. He went on up stairs, however, and was hid in a state-room by Bill Henderson, the barkeeper. Alexander escaped with but two or three bad bruises on his back, caused by heavy chunks of coal which alighted on him with too much force. He owes his salvation to a young lady who locked him in her state-room, for the raftsmen would have had him sure had it not been for the narrow passage way at the wheel-house, which hid him as he entered the state-room. What became of the other negro is not known. It is more than probable that he was killed, as he has not been seen since the villains came upon him.

The officers were powerless. Not one of them was in possession of a shooting iron of any kind, and to have interfered with the negro-killing scoundrels, unarmed, would have been foolish indeed. All they could do in opposition to scores of raftsmen was to secrete the negroes when possible. The mate was saved by a raftsman. On the deck a villain went rushing at the mate with a large knife. At the mate's side stood a Mr. McKinney, who gave the knife-man a shove and a kick that sent him staggering. When he returned to the attack the mate wasn't where he "used to was," and Mr. McKinney was off somewhere else. In twenty minutes the steamer hadn't a single deck-hand on board who was visible. The killing was ended in that time, and only when there were no negroes to hunt. Indeed, several of the rioters volunteered to act as roustabouts, and actually did work on deck.

The boat swung out from Hampton, and had proceeded but a few rods, when she went into shore again. The idea was to await the arrival of a force from Rock Island. Capt. R—— secretly telegraphed the Sheriff of that county for help, but the murderers saw through the stratagem and threatened to join together and fire the steamer if she was not quickly moved up stream. So the steamer was soon swung out again, and continued on her way. At Camanche, Ted Butler went ashore, as did also pock-marked Lynch. Butler was captured, as will be seen hereafter. The last attack was made on a porter, who, after the boat left Hampton, and when all was comparatively quiet, went to empty some water on the guards. He stepped out cautiously, but was discovered, and severely beaten by three raftsmen. As stated above, the Sheriff of Rock Island County was telegraphed to for assistance in arresting the murderers. He immediately placed the matter in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Payne. Superintendent Cotton of the Western Union placed a train at his disposal, and at 11 o'clock some 60 men, mostly armed, were on their way northward. On they went till Fulton Junction was reached. The force then went over to Clinton, and in 15 minutes the Dubuque came in sight. This was between 3 and 4 p. m. As she threw out her staging, a dozen men, with revolvers in hand, stepped on board, and forced every raftsman to go aft. The murderers were cowed. Before reaching Clinton, they were full of talk of exterminating the d——d nigger. But when the posse showed determination to arrest them, dead or alive, they just wilted. Over twenty of them were tied at the wrist, and their feet shackled. As the officers were doing this work five or six of the fellows became obstreperous, but three or four good punches in the bread-basket wilted them. Capt. Rhodes had decided to land the prisoners in Rock Island, and the boat was turned southward. Nothing of note occurred on the way, save a brief stoppage at the Island, where it was at first determined to land the prisoners. But this was given up. The Dubuque arrived at Rock Island at 7 o'clock. The whole city seemed to be on the levee, while hundreds were on the Davenport levee, hoping the steamer would touch on this side. The people over the river were very quiet, however. Under direction of Deputy Sheriff Payne, ropes were stretched about a good sized piece of levee, and the people ordered to keep out of the square thus formed. The colored deck-hands (who had been picked up on the way) formed in two lines. The *posse comitatus* stood guard with drawn revolvers. The chief rioters were marched off the boat and to jail. Then all the remaining raftsmen were marched between the rows of negroes to be identified. Some twenty-nine of these fellows were pointed out as having participated in the negro-hunting business on the steamboat. Some of these were known to be innocent by the officers of the boat and the passengers. Nevertheless, all were jailed.

The following are the names of the leaders in the killing business who are under arrest: John Calliger, John Young, Andrew Frank, James Thompson, Thomas Jones, James Cochron, David Daws, A. W. Frebble, Frank Gilmore, James Quinn, George Tracy, John Hait, William Blair, Thomas Jones, John Campbell, William Dallon, Holsey Hammond, Dennis Eagan, Nick Shilty, Oliver Shandamois. Witnesses were held from among the deck-hands, a dozen of whom were taken to the Court House as a lodging place. Second Clerk Jones and Mate Sweet, also remained to give evidence. The time occupied in landing the prisoners was more than two hours, owing to the careful eyes of the negroes. At 9 1-2 o'clock the Dubuque started for the north again. The conduct of raftsmen on steamboats, when in large numbers, has long been a source of annoyance to officers and passengers. They have free access to the bar, and drink continually. Then they quarrel, either between themselves or the deck-hands, and they really run the steamboats, for nobody wants to oppose them. Now that an opportunity has occurred to make an example of these roughs, it is hoped that all the punishment that the law allows will be given the guilty ones. The rumors in the city had the affair much worse than it really was. The number of killed run from six to thirty-six. The pilot, King, and five white men were all killed by rumor. The feeling in Davenport was intense. The only Davenporter on the boat was C. G. Blood, Esq. Mr. Blood saw two of the negroes run back, and then in a minute heard they were attacked, and knew that they had gone to the bottom.

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

BY SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL.

From the Woman's Advocate for August.

THE extreme advance of democratic sentiment in America is symbolized in the pending Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution, now on its passage through our State Legislatures. It caps the arch of "manhood" suffrage, the partial approximation to Human suffrage thus far achieved by the advocates of self-government.

Ten years ago four millions of our countrymen, without "rights," formed part of the personal estate of our people. Two convictions which fed the real life of America and gave it dignity and power, were these: Human existence is enduring and invaluable,—Duty attaches to existence and requires freedom for its fulfillment. These convictions gnawed away the basis of Slavery. When the violence it engendered and relied on proved incompetent to resist those convictions, then religious sanction and force of habit let go, while prejudice of race, tyranny of caste and instinct of property were wrenched asunder, and all the ponderous inertia which had seemed to strengthen the abnormal system, swung over on the other side and crushed the wreck it could not animate. We dared not hold the slave; so unwillingly, sullenly, Pharaoh-like, weary of plagues, we let him go. The conscience of the Nation heaved off the nightmare which had broken its peace, but the prejudice of the North and the revengeful jealousy of the South left the freedmen in a plight so helpless that common sense is ready now to recognize the need of the second step—suffrage, to make practical the first step—emancipation. Moreover as the swift years since the war have passed, prejudices have fled with the departing souls who cherished them; the perverted vision of our people has been adjusting itself to the more normal light of a freer era. The remembrance of the patient suffering of the negroes under generations of bitter wrong—of their manly gratitude and brave help in the first days of their liberty, has plead eloquently with the white man's nobler nature in behalf of "the Nation's wards." We dare not trust the former South to fulfill a pledge of justice unwillingly assumed, the fulfillment of which is nevertheless an essential condition precedent to all self-defence and self-improvement by the feeble victims of its old tyranny. So we fought for and have won for them this Magna Charta of their race in America.

Until recently every brave and freedmen loving soul thanked God and watched with eager interest the slow dropping of the affirmatory ballot by Legislature after Legislature. But now from among old friends of freedom and the advocates *par excellence* of Human Suffrage, an unexpected voice of jealous protest has arisen. "Arrest the ratification." Why? Because the admission of all men to suffrage leaves only women disfranchised, thus seeming to assume sex as the line of ostracism, while this has not hitherto been alone in its disfranchisement. Also, because the blacks whom we propose to enfranchise, being widely ignorant and therefore prejudiced, are likely to throw many more votes against than for our claim of Human Suffrage, as embodied in the proposed Sixteenth Amendment now to be urged in Congress.

Emancipation, like a great wave, followed the volcanic efforts by which our "nation" struggled with and threw its enemy, a wave that surging far inward purged our Republic of legalized felony. And Negro suffrage, following the first reaction, now sweeps the tyranny of race and caste into the abyss. Surely this is vantage not lost but gained for a further onset which shall unseat the power which now sustains the inequality of sex. Surely it must make the Victory for Human Suffrage more speedy and complete. "No," it is said, "hitherto the disfranchisement of a class of men prevented the discrimination which now rests distinctly on women alone." But is not this a temporary earthwork thrown up by a retreating foe? The Reform which has successively freed and promises to enfranchise the slave, is not a technical contest as to the respective rights of men and of women. It is the replacing of the old *regime* of force by the new *regime* of choice. It is a reversal of the old decision "might makes right" by the new decision "right makes might." It cannot be that any paltry logic, based on the fact that all males have first gained concession of self-government, can retard the extension of the same measure of simple justice to women. The argument and the verdict were not for manhood suffrage *as against woman suffrage*. It is distinctly new ground won for the broad principle of Human Suffrage. By that spirit have its advocates been inspired, and by that sign they have Conquered. Of our millions of citizens none look on the Fifteenth Amendment as a concession made to black *men* merely for logical consistency because white *men* previously were voters; in order to recognize masculinity and twenty-one years as the true and invariable basis for the franchise. On the contrary, with the Fifteenth Amendment a flood of fresh light falls on the idea of *self*-government and illumines it in the eyes of our people. No congressman designed and no constituent understood that in conceding the justice and necessity of self-government to men of every race, they by that act denied the justice and necessity of self-government for woman. "But the blacks, being largely ignorant and therefore prejudiced, will use their newly acquired votes more to oppose than to help the extension of suffrage to women." This is an assumption. Generally the attainment of satisfaction for a just claim, disposes people to value the justice they have longed and striven for, and inclines them to concede to others a right by whose denial they have themselves suffered bitterly. If there be any indication among the colored race of special opposition to woman suffrage, it probably springs from a natural unwillingness to couple their claim, which has received national assent, with that of women which has not yet been able to command it. Themselves possessed of suffrage, the average *sentiment* of the blacks will probably be quite as reliable for the support of a humane and righteous measure, as the average *sentiment* of the whites. We need not dread the arbitrament of the *intellect* of either race. But if it were otherwise, has the school of the New Testament and of our Independence taught us to hinge right upon expediency, or that we may prolong a cruel and unjust disfranchisement because we cannot read the future and we fear lest the franchise may be abused? If this argument holds against the Fifteenth Amendment, it is good against all previous steps in the interest of self-government, or what is identical with it, universal suffrage.

Am I justified in saying, "My neighbor shall not govern himself because in so doing he may incidentally misgovern me: Until my right is recognized, my neighbor's shall not be: Until the nation shall assent to woman's righteous claim which it does not yet admit, that nation shall not do its admitted duty and place in the hands of its 'peeled and scattered' freedmen a shield against the horrors of the Ku-Klux-Klan?" I have not so learned duty. As to policy, we shall advocate the cause of woman suffrage before the mixed jury of the future with more confidence and consistency on the ground of simple right, which is its one unanswerable plea, if we can say to all objectors white and black who may doubt the expediency of our claim: "Our Fathers conferred suffrage on all *white* men despite that doubt. We conferred suffrage on all *men* despite that doubt, now do unto women as we have done to you, 'Be just and fear not.'"

AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir: I have been a constant reader of *The Tribune* for nearly 20 years, and have generally regarded it good authority on most of the issues of the day, but I must dissent from its views on Reconstruction in this State.

You claim the election as a victory for Universal Suffrage and Amnesty. If you were on the ground, to witness and experience what every Republican does here, we think your views would undergo a radical change. I have resided here four years, desiring to live in peace—not entering into politics, till I found I could not be true to my love of *country, liberty, and humanity*, without taking a more active part than I otherwise should have desired. When a member of the late Constitutional Convention, I opposed, and did all in my power to defeat, the *Test-Oath*—and, while I would enjoy seeing all proscription removed, holding no malice toward any of the opposition, yet, under existing circumstances, it cannot be done with safety. *Believe me*, there is *no* party *so proscriptive* under the sun, as this now jubilant *Conservative* party; and, had they power, no *true* Republican would be tolerated in their midst. They *proscribe, ostracise*, and *cordially hate*, every such man, to an extent that none can appreciate save those who are experiencing it.

Since the late election, the old spirit of Rebellion is rampant and triumphant—they are taking matters into their own hands, and acting on the principle that "*might* makes *right*." Law and order are in the back ground; and what the end is to be, only He can tell who rules and governs all things. This state of affairs is indeed sad, and only those *loyal and living here* can tell *how sad!* No ordinary circumstance, I fear, will arouse the Government to quell this rebellious element, now gaining control. Threats and assaults are so common, that for months we have not deemed it safe to travel after dark. In June, on court-day, surrounded by a crowd of citizens, a man was accosted by an entire stranger, who attempted to knock him down solely because he was a Republican. He was incited to do this by some of the most wealthy and influential citizens here. On the eve of election, the Republican candidate for the Legislature was called from home and detained longer than was expected. When a mile or more from home, passing through a ravine and forest, he was assaulted by unknown parties in ambush with brickbats, and knocked senseless, and barely escaped with his life.

On election day, threats and intimidations were made to prevent the colored people from voting. Rumors were circulated that, if they attempted it, they would be shot. And they were generally notified that, if they did vote the Republican ticket, they must leave their lands. An old colored preacher, who has been living on the same place 20 years, and had rented it for the coming year, has had the land taken from him. Those who voted for the *Test-Oath* and the *disfranchising clauses*, were notified that their discharges would be ready when they returned from the polls. At one precinct, when a crowd of colored men went to the polls early in the day, the inspectors of election were unwilling they should vote for the clauses, and took the ballots out of their hands, giving them the tickets against them, and requiring these to be deposited in lieu of the others. Fraud, *intimidation* and coercion, have been used to as great an extent as when the Ordinance of Secession was submitted to a vote.

We have a large class here of Whites who were refugees during the war, and whose sympathies are with the Republican party, but who either voted the Conservative ticket or did not vote at all, fearing to act according to their true convictions, from the threats that were made against them. Former magistrates, accustomed to control on such occasions, at the late election were busy at their old vocation. In one precinct, the inspectors would not allow the colored challengers to act—saying there was "*no need of them*"—but allowed a jug of whiskey to be brought into the place where the boxes were and drank freely from it during the day, contrary to a specific order from Gen. Canby.

At Lancaster, on Monday last, court day, a meeting was called after the sitting of the court, when resolutions were adopted offering all colored men who had voted the Walker ticket homes on their lands for the coming year, and to those who had-n't voted at all. Those who sustained the Republican ticket were offered pardon, if they showed signs of repentance. Inflammatory speeches were made by some of the lawyer present, urging all men of the South, *White* and *Black*, to drive out of the community all "*Yankee carpet-baggers and Yankee nigger school-marms.*"

The native Union men of the South, as well as the true Union men from the North who have settled here, are suffering everything but death at the hands of the *very men* who were so zealous for the Walker ticket, and so triumphant at its success. It is called Conservative and Republican, but time will show that it is a *Democratic* party, and its true animus and character will be revealed. We *wish* it could be understood in time to save the State from the control of men who are as great Rebels *now as ever*, and who *openly say* that they *are*, and the loyal men and their families from the loss of life and property now in daily jeopardy.

To show that this once rebellious element is gaining strength and courage since the election, I will cite a few of the many instances now occurring. A young man from Massachusetts of sound principles and morals, who has resided here nearly three years, was appointed by the military Clerk of the Circuit and County Courts, but was summarily removed from office by the Courts on the Monday following the election. It was in vain that he protested with manly and quiet dignity against the proceeding, maintaining that it was unlawful, and that only the power that placed him there could remove him. A few days after, this same young man, in company with an elderly lady, who has been teaching colored soldiers and children in Washington, D. C., for the last four years, went into the neighboring County of Lancaster to visit a Northern lady teaching a colored school there. At night, his buggy was taken to some distance from the house, and, with the harness, completely broken and cut to pieces. On their way home, a few days after, in passing through the center of the place, they were beset by a rabble of F. F. V.'s, who hooted at and insulted them in every possible way, so that, the lady says, it seemed as though they were no longer on earth, but in pandemonium! Two of the party, sons of wealthy men, Robert Downing and Charles Wesley Justice by name, mounted their horses and followed them for miles, howling and shouting, giving mock cheers, passing them, then turning and fronting, then riding alongside, then in the rear, uttering all the while the most unseemly screams and shouts, and profane and insulting speeches that could be thought of, and beyond our ability to write out. During all this time, the young man and middle-aged lady rode quietly along. At last, one of them shouted, "well, I wouldn't stand *that* if I came from *Hell* much less *Massachusetts!*" and then came mock cheers for the young man and *Massachusetts!* And this abusive treatment occured within 100 miles of the seat of Government!

We wish all true men everywhere could know the facts in the case. We feel sure if they did they would not rejoice over the late election, but lament it, as we do, and be ready to do all in their power to create a different public sentiment, and aid us in defeating these wily but treacherous men who have sustained the Walker ticket that, "once in power, they may revoke the equality of rights now possessed by the negroes, and reestablish on its old basis, except the irrevocable abolition of Slavery, the supremacy of the old-fashioned Virginia aristocracy." Left to themselves, they will *divest* the *present Constitution of every Republican feature*, and will act with the *Democratic party* in the *next Presidential election*.

TEXAS.

THE STATE OF SOCIETY—THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SMITH MURDER—THE MEN ON TRIAL—THE NEGROES—IMMIGRATION—EDUCATION.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, July 3d.—In glancing over the newspapers on my way to the North from Texas, and during the few days since I have arrived, I have been grieved and indignant to see how little is said by its natural friends here in behalf of the cause of justice there, and how wide and unrestrained is the torrent of falsehood from its enemies. Dozens of Democratic sheets, led on by *The New York World* in the East, and *The Louisville Courier Journal* in the West, teem with perverted accounts varnishing over the disorders and atrocities constantly occurring there, and with defamation of officers there who dare to do their duty. During the war, I was a prisoner at Tyler

stockade in Texas for ten months, and for more than a year I have been on duty as an officer of the Freedman's Bureau, with my headquarters part of the time at Columbus in the southern, and part of the time at Jefferson, in the north-eastern portion of the State. In repeated tours I have traversed many counties in the discharge of my duty, and have become acquainted with many of the people, white and colored.

THE MURDER OF COL. CRANE—WHO THE HON. GEO. W. SMITH WAS.

The recent murder of Col. Crane has excited horror all over the country, not because it exceeded in wickedness the crimes that have been perpetrated in Texas, but because it was committed in a place whence the news could be carried everywhere at once. In the distance of Texas crime is lost in obscurity, and an unscrupulous press can, with impunity, blacken the name of a good man who falls in such a remote region. Of this no stronger instance could be given than the murder of the Hon. George W. Smith. This brave, true-hearted man, whose offense was that he loved the cause of liberty, and was the friend of the poor freedmen, was murdered by the ferocious people of Jefferson, last October, under circumstances of dreadful atrocity, and since that time, not only the rebel newspapers of Texas, but the leading journals of the South have been engaged from time to time in defiling his memory, and justifying his murderers. Let me tell the story in his defense. He was an officer of the 123d New York Volunteers during the war, and, after gallant service, he resigned at its close and went to reside as a merchant at Jefferson, a town of perhaps 8,000 people, the largest in North-Eastern Texas. With his uncle, a Mr. Warren of New York, he took a large and valuable stock of goods there, but the prejudice against Northern men was so strong that they could do scarcely any business. They sold out; Mr. Warren returned to New York; but Capt. Smith determined to remain. He was soon afterward elected from Jefferson to the Texas Constitutional Convention, chiefly by colored men's votes. His ability and dauntless spirit shown at this time brought upon him the bitterest hate of the rebel people. Although only 24 years of age, he was grave, almost stern, with deep earnestness for the cause of right. In the Constitutional Convention at Austin, he was distinguished as one of the abler members. In his daily life he was correct, almost austere. He never drank, smoked, chewed, nor used profane language. When Capt. Smith returned to Jefferson he encountered the full malignity of the white people. He was odious as a negro leader, as a radical, as a man who could not be cowed, nor scared away. He was odious also because he was trying to collect from reluctant debtors the money due for his goods. The so-called Union men, who now began to appear, in view of the probable election of Grant, and the distribution of offices, were jealous of his unbounded influence over the colored people, and many of them joined in his detraction. One of their speakers, Caldwell, refused to speak from the same platform with him. The boarding houses refused to receive one who was a leader of the negroes. He was ostracized. His life was often threatened. But Capt. Smith was made of sterner stuff than to yield or fly. He sued some of his debtors. When excluded from the hotels and boarding houses, he went to the houses of the poor colored people. His valise containing bonds and notes due for his property sold, and also about $1,000 in money was stolen from him a few days after his return. On Saturday, the 3d of October, as he opened the door of a house—that of a colored man—where he had gone to leave his clothes to be washed, he was hailed with a curse and fired upon by four ruffians, their leader a Col. Crump. Those around him fled, but Capt. Smith drew his revolver and fired, wounding two of them and driving them all away. He went immediately to Major Curtis of the 15th Infantry, then commanding the post, stated the facts to him and his expectation of further trouble. Soon Crump, accompanied by the Chief of Police and others, came with a warrant for his arrest on a charge of assault. Capt. Smith objected to being handed over under the forms of law to these wolves who were thirsting for his blood. They assured Major Curtis that the prisoner would be safe, and Curtis surrendered him against his solemn repeated protest: "Major Curtis, if you surrender me to these men they will kill me."

DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN.

They took him to the calaboose, a jail consisting of one room and a cell attached. It stands in a triangular space, strongly inclosed. A guard of civilians was placed around it. Notwithstanding the guard so formally stationed about the jail, Major Curtis was uneasy. The signs of coming danger on that (Saturday) night and during the next day were so evident that he sent a message for reenforcements to Gen. Hayden, commander of the sub-district at Marshall, 16 miles distant. Unfortunately, one Lougherry, the editor and proprietor of two newspapers, *The Marshall Republican* and *Jefferson Times*, was consulted by Gen. Hayden. He soon procured dispatches from Jefferson which satisfied Hayden that reenforcements were not necessary, and no attention was paid to Major Curtis's request. On Sunday afternoon, signs of the gathering of the Knights of the Rising Sun alarmed Curtis more and more, and he sent 16 soldiers to assist in guarding the jail. Notice had been sent that at 9 o'clock, one Lockhart, a city official would come with citizen reenforcements to aid. About 9 o'clock, the signal of the Knights of the Rising Sun sounded. It consisted of a series of strokes, with regulated intervals, upon their bell, which is kept in a building in the town where they hold their meetings. Their forces were organized and soon approached the prison. It was a clear moonlight night, and many also had torches. Presenting themselves at one of the gates which was ajar, they told the vacillating lieutenant that they were Lockhart's party come to aid him, and before he did anything they rushed into the yard, and seized and disarmed the guard. Captain Smith was in the jail itself, which was defended by double doors. In the yard were four colored men confined there for various petty offences, and these for a few moments delayed the crowd from their chief prey. They were dragged out into the wood close adjoining. As they passed out of the gate, one of them named Turner broke from those holding him and escaped in the tumult. The other three were taken by the murderous wretches a distance of some hundred yards, and two of them were shot—almost shot to pieces. One of the helpless creatures escaped at the very moment of death. He suddenly relaxed his grasp upon those about him, and begged to be allowed to pray an instant before he died. "Pray quick," said Col. Alford (almost every prominent ruffian and law breaker is "coloneled.") "Pray quick. In ten minutes you will be in hell, and in five minutes more your friend Smith will be there with you." He bent down to pray, and as he did so a brute named Slaughter fired at him shooting him in the shoulder. The negro sprang between their legs and launched into the brush. Alford fired both barrels of his gun after him. Several shot passed through the negro's clothes, but he was unhurt by them. Instead of trying to escape by running away, he turned toward the jail and secreted himself in the loft of an old stable overlooking the jail yard, knowing it would be the last place his pursuers would think of searching for him. From this place he witnessed the bloody business that still went forward. For a time there was a difficulty in forcing open the prison. Major Curtis, whose quarters were 400 or 500 yards distant, heard the tumult and ordered out 16 more men and hurried to the jail himself, expostulating with the crowd without effect. A key was at last procured, and with it the outer and stronger door was opened. The inner door remained, and behind it was Capt. Smith. There was clamor, and pushing, and confusion, and at last the door was pressed partly open. He caught the foremost man and dragged him into the jail. It is common talk in Jefferson now, that Capt. Smith killed the first man who entered—that the Knights of the Rising Sun afterward buried him secretly with their funeral rites, and it was hushed up, he being a man from a distance. It is an established fact that one Gray, a strong man, who ventured into the open door, was so beaten by Capt. Smith that he cried, "Pull me out! He's killing me!" and he was dragged out backward by the leg. At last, some one suggested lighting the jail through the little window. Torches were brought to the grating, and by their glare four shots were fired into him. The door was burst open and the crowd surged in upon him as he fell, and then, man after man, as they filed around fired into the dying body. This refinement of barbarity was continued while he writhed and after his limbs had ceased to quiver, that each one present might participate in the triumph. So died George W. Smith, another of the noble army of martyrs.

THE FREEDMEN HONOR THEIR FRIEND.

His sister desired to remove his body to the North for burial with his kindred, but when the colored people learned it, they begged that he might be buried in Texas among them that they might build a monument over his bones. Already a considerable sum has been raised for this monument. It is a complete answer to all that is said against the propriety of his life that his enemies, after they had captured all his papers, including his correspondence and his private journal, could find nothing in them to publish against him, and they were recently delivered up to his uncle. For weeks after his death the press and people were jubilant. Every scoundrel sheet that taught hatred to Yankees as the first duty of the citizen, and every swaggering loafer who preferred cheating negroes out of their wages to working himself found unwonted delight in abusing dead "Dog Smith." It was in the last year of Johnson's degenerate administration, and this powerful community had no anticipation of being brought to justice. In November Col. Malloy, a brave and excellent officer, was sent to Jefferson. After much investigation he made several arrests. The Knights of the Rising Sun now became highly excited. He was repeatedly threatened with assassination. He had been the Bureau Agent at Marshall previously, and they hated him cordially. But he was not intimidated. In December Gen. Buel came with additional force and took command, and he has kept it with a firm hand since. The military forces were largely increased, and further arrests were made during the winter. For a time the Rebels had no expectation of a serious trial. They first endeavored to get released upon a *habeas corpus*. Gen. Buel refused to obey it, and Gen. Canby, his superior, sustained him. They carried their application to the United States District Court at Tyler, but it was denied. At last, in May, a Military Commission of seven officers began a trial, which is still going on. Twenty-three of the murderers were arraigned. The remainder have escaped, fled, or cannot be identified. Among those who escaped are Major Pratt, the principal debtor of Capt. Smith, whom he aided to murder, Judge Maybry, formerly Judge of the Court of Jefferson, Col. Saufly, a prominent man, and others similar.

There are still 20 prisoners in the court, including men of station and men of wide experience. There are plenty of colonels, two clergymen, doctors, lawyers and so forth. In front sits Col. Alford, a prominent citizen who waylaid and murdered a man, was tried for the murder, and, as the prosecuting attorney told me, had to expend $19,000 to get out of the business. Beyond him, and not far from the Rev. William H. Magill—a very energetic actor as well as preacher—sits a large man with a sweeping beard. It is Col. Crump—a colonel by the Texan brevet for distinguished crimes. He has murdered three men beside the account he has now to settle. He killed one man at Jefferson, and one man in the western part of the State. He also hung Capt. Hart of the United States Volunteers, brother of Judge Hart, now judge of the district court in Northern Texas, after he had surrendered as a prisoner of war. The Chief of Police, Sandford, would be in the box for aiding to murder the man it was his duty to defend, but for the fact that he has himself been murdered. Further back sits Weaver, nephew of Weaver of Bastrop County, whose sentence of death for a most wanton murder has lately been approved by the President upon the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States, an act of the President which has done much already to strengthen the cause of law and freedom in Texas. Nearly every man among them has had his "difficulty." A large amount of testimony has been taken by the prosecution, which was still in the midst of its case when I left. The defense may occupy months, and when it is understood how immense is the influence of the criminals and their connections, and the spirit that is in them, we may expect that every one will prove an alibi by a cloud of witnesses, and that they will attempt to impeach and overwhelm by mere force of numbers every witness who has dared to give important testimony for the prosecution. Gen. Buel and Col. Malloy have been particular objects of newspaper abuse and private slander. Threats of assassination have again and again been sent to Col. Malloy, who is military mayor of the town. Gen. Buel is commander of the post, and fares scarcely better. Even the Democratic sheets of the North have picked up the lie about his putting prisoners in sweating boxes and torturing them to get evidence, and his military tyranny over the prisoners generally. They are confined in a building which is enclosed within a stockade. I was a prisoner of war in Texas, and know how they treated men, and I never saw such regard for the comfort of prisoners as has been shown by Gen. Buel.

I had intended to mention several other examples of the state of affairs in that State, but I will refer to some more agreeable things and close. The colored people are industrious and becoming prosperous. They are fast learning the lesson which was so hard to them—to be self-dependent. All over the country they are farming for themselves where they can get the land—the great difficulty with them—as the white men will not sell land to colored people. I knew one negro to make last season, 30 bales of cotton by the labor of his family and hired hands. In the central part of the the State, the best plantations in the Colorado bottoms are managed by negroes. Where they can get the proceeds of their labor they are doing well, for they work hard and the soil is rich, producing a bale of cotton to the acre almost every where, and the climate is healthful. The whites are disinclined to work, and in time, the negroes will own the country, unless the white people become more industrious. As field hands they get $10 to $15, specie, per month. But as a general rule they work for a share of the crop—usually one-quarter if they are boarded and clothed, and one half if they "find" themselves. During the first years after the war, the planter seldom paid the negroes their share. They were ignorant of their rights and helpless, and were kept in virtual slavery. In my own district, last year, it was only after a severe struggle with the planters that I secured to the colored people their share. The custom had been theretofore for the planter to take the entire crop, send it off, get the money for it, and then settle with the negroes on such terms as he pleased, which, of course, always brought them in debt. Last year, at the opening of the selling season, upon complaint from the negroes that one of the most extensive planters was about to serve them the old game, I induced him to give up their portion, as their own property, to them, to be disposed of as they saw fit. The effect upon the others was excellent, and the negroes generally got their portion and sold it on good terms. There is considerable immigration from from North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama into the north-eastern portion of the State, especially about Dallas. Few Northern people go there. In Southern Texas, from Fayette County to up around San Antonio, there is a valuable German immigration. They are the followers of the New Braunfels Germans, and are all prosperous and industrious, and are growing rich. Land is very cheap. The work of education, especially among the colored people, is going steadily on, and is constantly increasing. There are many schools, and they are doing an excellent work. The chief want is good teachers. Many of those now employed are of very moderate capacity, as no better could be found in such a country. No other class is so much needed as good teachers. They can get from $40 to $75 per month in gold. The Bureau will pay the teacher $10 to $15 per month, and in addition the colored people will pay $1.50 or $2 per month for each scholar. The negroes are eager for education, and respectful and obedient. There is an opposition sometimes from the whites, but in many places teachers are perfectly safe, the military protection being ample. In a few localities there is a portion of the white people who are themselves favorable to the education of the colored people; for example, in Red River County, I found the whites this spring building school-houses, and writing to me for teachers. This is in the northern part of the State, near the Arkansas line. There was a similar feeling among many around Dallas. Occasionally a white man could be found around Jefferson who wanted a teacher on his plantation, or in his neighborhood, but as a general rule, it is down in Southern Texas where teachers would be tolerated and perhaps assisted by white people.

"PEACE" IN KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, Aug. 3.—*The Evening Express* contains the following: "We have reports from Casey County and that region. The regulators, according to this rumor, have been at work, and blood has been shed. We are told that a gang of some thirty men made an attack on a house of one of the Rouse party in Casey, and shot and killed three men and one woman. There are no other particulars. This is the same gang that have been operating in Anderson, Mercier, and adjoining counties." An official order has been received from the Adjutant-General's office at Frankfort, addressed to Major Allen of this city, to hold his battalion of militia in readiness for service. It is contemplated by the State authorities to send this militia to Boyle and Mercer Counties to destroy the bands of roving regulators that are depredating in that portion of the State.

THE TEST OATH.

LETTER FROM GEN. BUTLER UPON THE ISSUE IN VIRGINIA.

THE following letter concerning the test oath was addressed by Gen. Butler to a distinguished citizen of Virginia:

BAY VIEW, NEAR GLOUCESTER, July 26th, 1869.

My Dear Sir:—Your letter reaches me at the seaside, where I have no books for consultation, and as to the precedents have to rely entirely upon my memory.

The question you present, as I understand it, is this: In the Virginia election a portion of members of the Legislature elected cannot take the oath, which is a necessary qualification to their seats; and this legal disability was known to the voters at the time they were elected. Under those circumstances, they being refused their seats, is the next highest candidate voted for on the list eligible? This question has not always received a uniform ruling in parliamentary bodies. In the celebrated case of Wilkes and Suttrell, after Wilkes had been expelled from parliament because of an alleged inability to take his seat, although he was returned at the next election by nine-tenths of all the votes thrown, yet the House of Commons seated his opponent, Col. Suttrell, who had but a mere handful of votes. It will be observed, however, that this was not done until the second time Wilkes had been unseated, the House assuming that their action was notice to every voter.

This decision has been pretty nearly uniformly held where the disability was a legal and continued one, which would render the person unfit to sit in the body to which he was returned at any future time. Is this the case with the legal disability of some of the members elect to the Virginia Legislature? That disqualification is usually denominated an inability to take the test oath. Stating it in that way, it would hardly seem that a moral or conscientious scruple of the member as to taking an oath would or could be so generally known to the electors as to make it proper that their vote for him should be considered so far in defiance of the law of the land that their votes should be held for nought and set aside. But when we remember that this disqualification or disability to take the test oath is, in fact, that the members elect have committed overt acts of treason against the United States, and many of them are in the condition of paroled prisoners of war, and that the Reconstruction acts have precisely made that status of a candidate an absolute disqualification, and that that has been done over and over again by Congress, it would seem very clear that the elector who chooses for his representative such a man ought to take the consequences of his own act and have his vote rejected as if he had thrown it for a person actually dead—as many of these men would have been if they had had their deserts—or *civiliter mortui*, as all of these men are until relieved by the legislative power which has imposed the disability.

My opinion, therefore, would be, and in that I am quite clear, that it is within the power of the Government and within the requirements of the laws of Congress, if adminstered in their integrity, to set aside these men who cannot take the test oath because of their participation in the rebellion, and that men who did not so participate, and who lost the votes of the electors because of their adherence to the Union, should be admitted to their seats as being the choice of the only men voting who did not prefer a traitor to the Government to a loyal man for his representative.

I have thus far examined the question only in its legal relations. Of course we shall hear much of the necessity of conciliation, and of allowing those who "accept the situation," as the phrase is, to take part in the Government. But that conciliation—that policy of reconciliation—that permission to those who forfeited their rights to resume them, or, in other words, the reconferring of civil rights upon them—must emanate from Congress, and not from the Executive; and whatever Congress may do upon the subject, it is clear to my mind that executive officers, as well as every other citizen, can have but one duty, and that is to obey the law; and the law and its consequences seem to me equally clear, as I have before stated. When the matter shall come before Congress, then after full examination of the condition of the Southern States, after the evidence shall be heard, whether those men do in good faith accept the situation or take advantage of the ballot-box to do that which they could not do with the bayonet—*i.e.*, successfully oppose the Government—when it shall fully appear that the rebellion indeed is ended, I may be quite of opinion that the law of Congress should be repealed, and be ready to vote therefor. But until that time, I think this law, like every other law of Congress, should be executed. I have the honor to be, very truly yours, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1869.

TENNESSEE.

"PARTIES direct from Tennessee" (says a Washington telegram of August 10th), "state that there is no doubt of the election of Andrew Johnson to the United States Senate." Andrew Johnson as a Senator for six years, is one of the probable results of the recent Tennessee election. Our readers are aware that that election, held on Thursday of last week, resulted in the choice, by a large majority, of the candidate of the Rebels. The old ruling whites of the South perceive their opportunity for rebuilding their political fortunes, and they are using it effectively. They hold Kentucky, Delaware and Maryland, they have won Virginia, and now they have gained Tennessee. With the unpardonable laxity of rule on the part of the new Administration, and the Amnesty-leadership of Horace Greeley, they are blessed with sunshine, and are disposed to make hay while it lasts. A little later we shall probably hear a Republican outcry against the presence of Andrew Johnson in the Senate, and the mischief which is sure to follow his return to that body. Then Mr. Greeley will be, as now, oblivious to the fact that he and other weak-kneed Republicans, made it possible for Johnson again to clutch the coveted prize. The unimpeached, and therefore eligible ex-President on the floor of the Senate as the champion of repudiation, "white supremacy," and rascality generally, will be a marked commentary upon the political sagacity and "statemanship" of Messrs. Greeley, & Co., who have been the conspicuous advocates of the "universal amnesty" doctrine. Encouraged by *The Tribune's* course, the Senter Registrars and the Ku-Klux settled the question of his (Senter's) triumph, and of Johnson's return to the Senate, in advance of the election. The formality of an election might as well have been dispensed with. It was as much a farce as were the elections held in the Southern States before the war.

The return of Johnson to the Senate, if it only involved the personal discomfort of certain Republican Senators would give little occasion for regret. They deserve to be bored by him. But the fact that such a man with such a record can now be easily placed in the Senate from Tennessee for six years, and that men of similar character in politics, are likely again, as a result of the amnesty delusion and reaction, to represent the South in the Congress of the nation, will make all thoughtful people painfully apprehensive concerning the future. The proposed truce, upon the basis of "Universal amnesty and Universal suffrage," will inure to the benefit of the enemies of freedom now, as did the original, and at first, apparently inconsequential, compromises of the Constitution to the slaveholders formerly. To trust the professions of loyalty and good faith made by the Southern whites of this generation, as a class, is to believe a lie and to invite the consequences of falsehood and treachery. Democratic distrust of Johnson's rashness,—not his rascality,—that which prevented his nomination by the memorable Fourth of July Convention held in this city, may save us from the added infliction of his six years senatorship. Nothing else will.

It is reported from Washington, as we write, that the President and his Cabinet have become convinced (!) that the Walker party in Virginia, and their kindred in Tennessee and elsewhere in the South, cannot be trusted (!)—that all that properly may be, will be done now to prevent like results in Mississippi and Texas, where elections are yet to be held. We have heard before of the man who, after his horse had been stolen, locked his stable door! It will require all of the remaining three and a half years of this Administration to regain the ground already lost during the first half year. The Republican hold upon the country, either South or North, is not as strong now by many per cent. as it was on the fourth day of March last. It relaxes while Southern loyalists are murdered and unprotected, while their enemies go unpunished and are strengthened; while the *Tribune* blindly "Chases" its phantom of "amnesty," and the California Republicans resolve the negro out of politics.

But with determined purpose, much may be done to change again the tide in affairs, and to save the nation from added shame and disaster. We want and must have not only the Fifteenth Amendment ratified by the Legislatures of Virginia and Tennessee, but the National Government so administered as that its pledge of equal political freedom to our clients, the colored people, may be fully and honorably redeemed.

DO THE DUTY THAT LIES NEAREST TO THEE.

WHEN the Abolitionists of this country organized their Societies for the overthrow of American Slavery, they addressed themselves to that specific work, because it was, evidently, the duty which lay nearest to them. They saw one great national sin towering above all others in the land; they recognized their share of responsibility, as American citizens, for its existence; and they set themselves to the work of its destruction, without counting the cost, and with little anticipation of the widening field of moral vision which their path was to reveal to them. They could not estimate the greatness or difficulty of their work. Much less did they recognize themselves as the heralds of other reforms which should spring to birth, and grow and ripen in the vitalizing influences of the special enterprise to which they had devoted their labor. Of sufficient moral stature to begin that task, they were not, then, equal to its completion. But their souls were fed at the fountain of the truth which they taught, and grew with the enlarging of their work; and when, in the course of a few years, the practical question arose of woman's right to occupy an equal position with man, on the Anti-Slavery platform, they were educated up to the point of answering it affirmatively. The questions of equal citizenship, of suffrage, for the slave or for woman, were far enough in the dim future; and probably did not enter their thoughts, as ends to which they were working; and the wildest fanatic of us all did not announce as an object of his aim, the election of colored men to Congress or State Legislatures. The doctrine of "No Union with slaveholders," was of later birth than the rallying cry of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation;" and the claim of full citizenship for the slave was not made until the logic of events proved that his personal freedom could not be completed and secured without it.

In the meantime, as the Abolitionists pressed steadily on to the full accomplishment of their one purpose, the abolition of American slavery, in fact as well as in name, the essential principles of their enterprise revealed their power in new applications; and other reforms sprang into being; startling, no doubt, many an abolitionist when he discovered that they were entrenched by his own "munition of rocks."

With what docile temper the world is receiving the truth preached by the advocates of the Rights of Woman! How rapidly, one after another, are new avenues to honorable and lucrative labor opening to her! She has won her way (with hard struggle, it is true, but she has won it), into the pulpit, and the medical profession; and she is about to win admission to the bar; and who can doubt that her hand will soon grasp the ballot? England lifts her hand of ecclesiastical tyranny from Ireland, and Protestant America rejoices; not because either of these great nations loves the Church of Rome, but because both are growing in sensitiveness to the individual rights of man.

The highest reward of doing the duty which lies nearest to us is that thereby our eyes shall be opened to the duty next beyond. The duty which to-day lies nearest to the Abolitionists is the completion of the work which they began nearly forty years ago; and which is, doubtless, soon to culminate in glorious and final triumph. The ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment will be the top-stone of the Temple of Liberty, upon the foundation and superstructure of which we have toiled through many years, amidst evil and good report, in face of a hostile Church and State, until the hour has come when Church and State stand ready to join our shout of triumph over its completion. But the topstone is not yet laid, and therefore our work is not quite done. The true faith which anticipates its consummation is the faith which shows itself by works, and will help to fulfil its own prophecy. A few months more of faithful labor will doubtless complete our enterprise, and reveal to us where our next duty lies. M. G.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

WE invite attention to the accounts we print elsewhere this week from Virginia, and Texas, also to the details of the shocking affair, to which we alluded last week, on the Mississippi Steamer *Dubuque*. "Let us have peace."

On Thursday of last week the "peace" which prevails in Alabama was illustrated by another riot, with the loss of several lives. The occasion of the riotous demonstration and slaughter was the holding of a congratulatory Republican meeting in consideration of the reelection of Col. Buck to Congress.

The Sham-Democracy of Ohio have come to grief early in their campaign. Things do not go as smoothly with them just now as with their Southern brethern. They nominated, recently, as their candidate for Governor, Gen. Rosecrans. He has been heard from, and adds greatly to their embarrassment by declining. They are now seeking another standard-bearer. Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby has been spoken of, but has, it is said, declined in advance. Meanwhile Vallandigham is master of the situation.

The English Government must be easily frightened, and is timid probably, because of conscious injustice towards its Irish subjects. Major James Haggerty of New York was appointed a few months ago as American Consul at Glasgow, his native city. The British Government refuses to acknowledge him because of his alleged connection with Fenianism. Beyond making a few addresses at Fenian meetings it is probable that Major Haggerty has not participated in the movement. We trust that his withdrawal will not be deemed necessary at Washington.

Intelligent, and therefore to the whites troublesome, negroes used to be whipped and sold to be worked up on the cotton and sugar plantations of the far South. Since the abolition of chattelism they get rid of such by the summary process of shooting them. One of the latest instances of this kind is reported in the *Nashville* (Tenn.) *Press and Times* which says:

"A gentleman who passed through Carthage Sunday last, learned while there that a negro preacher named Tom McClelland, while holding a meeting in a church on Defected Creek, some six miles from Carthage, last Saturday night, was brutally murdered. He was praying with a number of mourners at the 'Altar,' or 'anxious seat,, when four men in disguise rushed in upon him and shot him dead. It is reported that two other negroes were wounded. There is no clue as yet to the assassins. Tom was much esteemed as a negro of good character. McClelland, for a year past, had been making speeches for universal suffrage."

PERSONAL.

Frederick Douglass, Jr., married recently a daughter of Mr. A. Molyneux Hewlett, of Cambridge, Mass.

The first diploma ever awarded by the Boston Girls' High and Normal School to a colored person was given recently to Miss T. Louisa E. Brown.

"M. D. Conway," writes a correspondent to the Boston *Advertiser*, "has left London for Russia, and is now, I believe, at Novorogod. He will return with a full portfolio for the newspapers and magazines."

The Tribune of Tuesday says:

"Miss Clara Barton, who nobly devoted herself during the war to nursing our wounded soldiers, and who, after the war, commenced a successful search for the last resting-place of many an unfortunate victim of the Andersonville horror, will sail for Europe on Saturday by the Caledonian. She is at present visiting Mrs Frances D. Gage of No. 70 Willow street, Brooklyn."

Theodore D. Weld will occupy the platform of the Free Congregational Society of Florence, Mass., next Sunday forenoon (August 15th) at 10 1-2 o'clock. Subject: "Beauty,—Its Source, Scope, and Mission."

On Sunday, the 22d inst., a Peace Convention will be held in Florence Hall, to continue through the day. Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, Charles C. Burleigh and Henry C. Wright, will be present and participate in the debates.

Mr. Howells, of the *Atlantic* who sketches "Jubilee Days" in the August number, pays the following well-deserved tribute to Madame Parepa-Rosa:

"What helped more than anything else to restore you your dispersed and wandering individuality was the singing of Parepa-Rosa, as she triumphed over the harmonious rivalry of the orchestra. There was something in the generous amplitude and robust cheerfulness of this great artist that accorded well with the ideal of the occasion; she was in herself a great musical festival; and one felt, as she floated down the stage with her far-spreading white draperies, and swept the audience a colossal courtesy, that here was the embodied genius of the jubilee. I do not trust myself to speak particularly of her singing, for I have the natural modesty of people who know nothing about music, and I have not at command the phraseology of those who pretend to understand it; but I say that her voice filled the whole edifice with delicious melody, that it soothed, and composed and utterly enchanted, that though two hundred violins accompanied her, the greater sweetness of her note prevailed over all, like a mighty will commanding many. What a sublime ovation for her when a hundred thousand hands thundered her acclaim! A victorious general, an accepted lover, a successful young author—these know a measure of bliss, I dare say; but in one throb the singer's heart, as it leaps in exultation at the loud delight of her applausive thousands, must out-enjoy them all. Let me lay these poor little artificial flowers of rhetoric at the feet of the divine singer, as a faint token of gratitude and eloquent intention."

Our citizens will welcome the opportunity to listen again to Madame Parepa whose season of English opera will open at the French Theatre, September 15th.

A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press*, writing o John G. Whittier, says:

"John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet, lives at Amesbury, Mass., in a white two-story house shaded by trees, and a brick-paved walk leads through a grass-grown front yard to the entrance. A modest mansion, with a quaint and charming irregularity. Whittier laughingly declares that no one ever comes to get the plan of the house with a view to building one like it. On the right of the hall, as you enter, is the parlor in which hangs the portrait of the poet's mother, with a benignant presence and a face of gracious sweetness. There is also a photograph of Whittier and a crayon of his sister Lizzie. She was the author of several remarkable poems, two of which float through my mind as I write—'Night and Death,' a wonderfully strong and intense poem, and 'Lines to Lady Franklin,' beginning 'Fold thy hands, thy work is over.' In this parlor are also the birds which the Emperor of Brazil has just sent to Mr. Whittier. It will be remembered that the note of these birds is so peculiar and plaintive that the natives call it 'The cry of a lost soul,' and it was after reading Whittier's poem with this name for a title, that the Emperor sent them to him. The first pair was lost, but Don Pedro was too ardent an admirer of Whittier to allow this complimentary gift to fail, and this pair reached its destination without accident. I also saw a cane of curious workmanship, and of Brazilian wood, which was sent Whittier by Pedro Luiz, a South American translator of some of his poems. The dining-room, the scene of so much quiet and elegant hospitality, opens out of the parlor, and beyond is the library where Whittier writes, and which, with its two windows looking into the garden, and glass-door opening upon the piazza, is one of the pleasantest rooms in the house, pleasant even with doors and windows open, but pleasanter, if possible, in cool, autumn evenings, when a wood fire is kindled in the little Franklin stove, and weird and fanciful shadows play over the poet's face and along the walls. Among the choicest treasures he has a magnificent picture of Grace Greenwood, of whom he said to me: "Grace is one of the noblest women that I ever met, and as fine a housekeeper as writer." In the guest-chamber is another picture of Whittier's mother, a photograph half encircled by a wreath, under which is written: Leaves gathered by our mother during the last autumn of her life, and here hangs a marvellously beautiful portrait of the poet himself, in early manhood, the dark eyes glowing with poetic passion, and promising all that he has so signally fulfilled. Speaking of Whittier's early manhood reminds me of the lapse of time, but his active movements, slender, lithe, and erect figure, no less than his brilliant conversation, make it impossible to associate any thought of age with him, and nothing will sooner throw his friends into a towering passion, than to speak of him, as is occasionally done, as the venerable poet. I found him surrounded by friends. The poetess, Lucy Larcom, who is also one of the editors of the *Young Folks*, was among the number. Her kindly face and genial presence are always welcome. Then there was a bright young lady from the South, who had souvenirs of her labors among the freedmen in the shape of bills of sale of this 'boy John' and others, and the poet's niece, also a teacher among freedmen, and niece-in-law, were with him, the one a sparkling brunette, as brilliant as a cardinal flower, the other a sweet and graceful blonde, a pond lily of a woman. Notwithstanding the presence of these pretty and charming women, Whittier and Rebecca, his hazel-eyed housekeeper, gave me a cordial welcome. Whittier had for many years a pet parrot, immortalized in his poem, 'The Common Question.'—Grace Greenwood has also related, in her own inimitable style, the haps and mishaps of this 'Poor Poll's' life. The bird was the admiration of all the children in town, and a gentleman told me he had often heard one boy point out Whittier to another, saying, in a tone of mingled envy and awe: 'There goes the man that owns the parrot!' I asked Whittier if I might go to meeting with him next day, taking care to salute his flag by saying First-day instead of Sunday, and meeting-house instead of church; and a delightful summer Sunday found me with him, in his own Quaker meeting-house, an unobtrusive stone-colored building, with green blinds, and surrounded by elm and locust trees. This society is one of the oldest in the country, it having been an organized body for a hundred and ninety years, and Whittier has some of their earlier records in his possession. Some of the women wore the distinctive Quaker garb which seemed a suitable framework for their strong yet placid faces; but alas! alas! drab was in the minority and blue and gold had a large majority.

Our Washington Correspondence.

OUR Washington correspondent, "ASMODEUS," unable this week to write at length, sends us the following despatch:

[SPECIAL TO THE STANDARD.]

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, August 10th, 1869.

The President has at last distinctly placed himself on the Radical side in Mississippi. He has declared so explicitly to its Representatives. The Dent office-holders I spoke of last week are to be removed, orders for this are issued. Grant claims that he long since informed Dent that he could not support him. He further declares that he would be glad to trust the Southern whites, but does not feel that he can. He regards the reply of Gilmer to the Virginian Republicans proffer of reunion as a certain proof that Walker's followers are determined to use their power against the Administration. If the Southern whites were sincere in their pretence of support, they would not be so anxious to divide the Republican party. To sincere men it would not be hard to know which is the loyal party. These are Grant's words and it is known that the Cabinet decided to-day that all its legitimate power must be used to save Mississippi and Texas.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, August 8th, 1869.

THE eclipse of the sun yesterday came much nearer being total, here, than the astronomers had foretold; for thick clouds so covered the west, in the latter part of the afternoon, that only by an occasional glimpse through the thinner portions of them could one distinguish the obscuration of about five-sixths of the great luminary. It is to be hoped that those who went a thousand miles or more to see the total eclipse, and to verify those wonderful discoveries respecting the sun's atmosphere which science has lately reported, had a clearer view. So numerous, and so far apart, are the stations pre-arranged for observation, that important new discoveries can hardly fail to be made; and as a necessary result of these we shall have many new students of the spectroscope, and many readers of the new book "Spectrum Analysis."

A cold night and a cool day have followed the eclipse. Many will connect these facts with the popular idea that an eclipse brings cold weather, without recollecting that our weather was decidedly cool three or four days and nights before the eclipse. Our rovers to the mountains and the seaside must often have longed for warmer clothing in the day-time, and gathered round fires in the evening. The visitors to the Adirondacks are perhaps to be excepted, as they seem to have kept themselves warm with indignation, judging from the descriptive letters thus far published. Whether these highly expectant travellers reached the wilds where they found black flies and musquitoes instead of deer and trout, or whether they failed to get there through deficiency of guides, their wrath falls on the head of the Rev. Mr. Murray. If his own party also have an unprosperous and uncomfortable time, he will return to Boston nearly in the condition of a man without friends, and the last edition of his book will have been published.

Plenty of copperheadism and anti-reformatory feeling are yet current in the periodical press, religious and secular; but an important change from old times appears in the fact that many editors now scrutinize the telegraphic intelligence from the South, and point out to their readers where there seems to have been a malignant purpose to throw discredit upon the colored people.

Thus, in the late account of a riot in Mobile, the telegram received here said that rumors had previously been circulated of evil intentions of the negroes, many of whom brought guns to the celebration, while the majority bore concealed pistols, knives and razors. Of the violence and blood-shed at this meeting the *Transcript* says that it was another Memphis massacre on a small scale; and it adds "It was the white assailants that did the firing, and butchered in cold blood many colored men because they dared to hold a mass meeting to rejoice over a political victory. As the gathering broke up so instantaneously when the whites opened fire, it is apparent that the agent of the Associated Press at Mobile either falsified outright, or grossly exaggerated the belligerent attitude of the blacks beforehand."

The recent admission of lay representation in the great meetings of leaders in the Methodist Church has been spoken of as a mark of the progress of true democracy, as it undoubtedly is; and it is fitting that this additional step should be made by a church which long ago acknowledged the right of women to speak in its meetings. It is worth while, perhaps, to mention, on the other side, the deliberate perpetuation of a *caste* distinction by the large gathering of representatives of Young Men's Christian Associations recently held in Portland, Maine. They decided, after debate, that those of their members not belonging to orthodox churches should still be regarded as an inferior class, and have no vote in the affairs of the Society. If the managers of these bodies could have their way, they would restore that feature of the policy of the pilgrim fathers from which the one above mentioned is imitated, and restrict to church-members the right of voting in town, county and State affairs. They determine, at least, that church-members shall be "the upper crust" in *their* Association; and yet they succeed in persuading many young men that such half-membership is a privilege.

The dog-in-the-manger spirit of the Boston members in this Portland meeting was particularly displayed in a discussion that took place in regard to the opening of the reading-rooms of Young Mens Christian Associations on Sundays. Those Associations in the West which had made trial of this measure reported decidedly in its favor. Not only had no ill effects appeared from it, but this supply of good reading on a leisure day, when many young men are strolling about the streets, was manifestly well suited to divert their attention from evil associates, and such other temptations to evil as might lie in the way. Nevertheless, the Boston members said, that measure must not be tried in Boston, because, if their reading-room should be put to its appropriate use on Sunday, the reading-room of the Public Library would be opened too, and *that* they were determined never to consent to!

Think of the deliberate decision that a good thing must not be done because another measure of precisely the same sort would be likely to follow it! This is one of the ways by which disgrace is brought on the name "Christian." Mr. Abbot of Dover and a few others repudiate that name because they think it correctly represented by the narrow sectarian spirit above described; but in fact it is bigotry, not Christianity, which the Boston Young Men's Christian Association represents. Its managers *call* themselves Christian, and thus get "a name to live;" but their narrow, creed-bound, church-bound policy shows that they have not yet learned "the glorious liberty of the children of God."

NORTH.

"PASSING CLOUDS."

BY JOHN T. SARGENT.

THEY swing not, all, aloft in upper air,
Taking the light of each days' joyous sun,
Like floating banners! But are born of care,
And come, as come afflictions, one by one!

SICKNESS, BEREAVEMENT, POVERTY, and DEATH,
The loss of some dear friend, the ills we borrow,
All GRIEFS, which come or go with parting breath,
Are CLOUDS which shed the rain of many a sorrow!

Some have their gilded edges, and are bright
Awhile, with rainbows of "a better day,"
Till some reverse brings back the murky night,
Within whose gloom we muse, improve, and pray.

They come of our shortcomings;—of our loss
Of power or will to do the thing we should,
Or of neglect to bear that wholesome cross
Which God assigns to each one for his good.

They come of our misdeeds, as wounds in war,
Inflicting sore distress, and suffering deep,
Pointing the moral of that sovereign law,
That—"as the sinner *soweth* he must *reap!*"

And, so, to NATIONS as to HOMES they come;
Inflicting woes, the fruit of social wrong,
Whether by rebel wars, or, wrench of some
Oppression of the weaker by the strong!

And, yet, they all bring blessings, though disguised
Clear good through shocks of lightning, showers of rain!
A wealth concealed, however little prized!
And, through all Tempests, RECONSTRUCTIVE GAIN!

PENNSYLVANIA EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE.

OFFICE OF PENN'A. STATE EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE,
No. 716 Lombard street,
PHILADELPHIA, July 27th, 1869.

THE Pennsylvania State Equal Rights' League again issues its call to the Leagues of this State, and to the citizens who are yet disfranchised, earnestly urging them to attend the Annual Meeting of the League, which will convene in Huidekoper's Hall, Meadeville, on Tuesday, August 17th, 1869, at 10 o'clock A. M. * * * *

At the coming meeting of the League, the most vital issues must be met and fully discussed; the gravest subjects must be presented, subjects involving our present peace, political and social condition as well as our security for the future. Our destiny, by the will of God, appears to be indissolubly bound to that of our native country.

With it we will rise—with it we may fall. The unfolding of the broad platform of equal political rights, with equal political privileges, opens to us all the responsibilities and duties of the citizen which tyrants have long denied us, and to-day, we constitute a part of the great governing power of the Republic. * * * *

Come from your workshops, from your fields of labor, from the factory, the school-house and farm. Come from your homes and families. For this occasion let our ministers leave their pulpits, our working men their avocations, and our professional men their duties.

Let our thoughtful, active, vigilant men come together and so completely organize and combine that not a vote shall be lost, but that they may be polled to crush the enemies of law and order—of Union and Liberty. * * To all who love liberty and hate despotism the League extends an invitation to attend. By order of the Executive Board.

WM. NESBIT, of Altona, Pa., President.
WM. D. FORTEN, Philadelphia, Corresponding Sec'y.

Delegates and others who are expected to attend the Meeting, are requested to forward their names to the Secretary without delay, that needful arrangements may be made for their accommodation.

Return Passes have been secured on the Cumberland Valley, Penn. Central and Philadelphia & Erie, Northern Central, Atlantic and Great Western Railroads, and Excursion tickets will be issued by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad through to Williamsport. Due notice will be given of other railroad arrangements. Atlantic and Great Western and Northern Central Railroad give return Passes.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN ENGLAND.

GEORGE W. SMALLEY, Esq., in a London letter to *The Tribune*, says:

"I went on Saturday to a meeting of the London National Society for Woman's Suffrage. Although a private meeting, to which admission could only be had by invitation, it was largely attended. It was, I believe, the first meeting of the Society, and the managers were so far from desiring publicity that they excluded reporters. Nevertheless, a pretty full account of the proceedings appeared in one or two papers, and they have made a strong impression. If the meeting had shown nothing else, it showed a capacity for organization, which in English meetings is commonly remarkable for its absence. I don't know when I have known a meeting so well managed. There was a programme of resolutions and speeches, from which no departure was allowed, and the speeches were kept within due bounds. The credit of this is due to the lady who presided, and who is the executive officer of the association, Mrs. P. A. Taylor. You may search some time before you will find one of the nobler sex to go through the duties of a position both difficult and novel with so much dignity and grace. Next to the public championship of Mr. Mill, I think the woman's cause in England owes most to the wonderful energy of Mrs. Taylor. She has had many and very capable assistants, but has, I believe, been the real head of the society since its foundation.

"There were about a dozen speakers, all of them celebrities. Mr. Mill's address was the great attraction to many, who have few opportunities of hearing him. I send you a report, on which you will, I dare say, have comments of your own to make, less favorable than mine. He was followed by Charles Kingsley, who has such a horror of being reported that he spoke only on condition that the press should not be represented. You will discover from the presence of a man holding Kingsley's peculiar position, and from the letters and speeches of the Solicitor-General, Sir John Coleridge; of Lord Houghton; of Sir Charles Dilke, M. P.; of Mr. John Morley, and of Mr. Stansfeld, M. P., that the moment in England for women's suffrage has passed beyond the stage when it found its only advocates among theorists, and what the world calls visionaries and extremists. Its rapid progress is due in no slight measure to the moderation and good sense shown by those who have had charge of it. They have limited it to a suffrage movement, and they have not allowed it to become ridiculous by the advocacy of mere mountebanks, nor made it odious by such selfish bigotry as some American champions are now showing in their opposition to the XVth Amendment on the ground of its failure to include woman."

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE CONVENTION AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEWBURYPORT, July 28th, 1869.

THE Essex County Woman's Suffrage Association held a convention in the City Hall, Newburyport, to-day, which was called to order in the morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock by Rev. George H. Vibbert of Rockport, who introduced the President of the association, Mrs. William Ives of Salem. The exercises were then opened with prayer by Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford.

Rev. B. F. Bowles of Cambridgeport was the first speaker. He illustrated the women's movement by the history of the Anti-Slavery reform. The ballot, he said, was the final, peaceful, effectual form of expressing opinion on matters of public concern; and the allowance of this power to women was the best way of accomplishing the improvement of our laws and customs. Any further things needed would naturally follow this. To the question—Who shall use the ballot? he thought the proper answer was—All who need those things which the ballot regulates, or their fair representatives. It is a dictate of common sense that the inhabitant of a town or State, the permanent member of a community, should have a voice in the regulation of its affairs. As to the argument of incompetency, and want of acquaintance with politics, we do not keep the piano or the sewing-machine out of women's hands until they are most thoroughly accomplished in the use of them. The ballot should be given to woman not merely for the supply of her particular necessities, but as a means of education. She should use it that she may learn to use it wisely, and that the community may gain the wisdom of all, instead of merely half, of its adult members.

The matter of *fair* representation, Mr. Bowles said, is very important. There is a substantial reason why minors should not vote, and their parents are really fit guardians of their interests. But in the case of adults, there is no class competent to represent any other class. The rich cannot fairly represent the poor, nor the learned the unlearned, nor women men, nor men women. Each of these classes needs the ballot to express its own ideas of its own necessities. Man, as man, cannot properly represent woman as woman. The unfortunate fact is that man has resisted and obstructed woman even in her efforts to obtain her daily bread; and here Mr. Bowles introduced facts of well-known occurrence in England and in this country, showing the forcible exclusion of women from various industrial occupations for which they were obviously well fitted.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe then spoke very briefly, referring to the unreasonableness of the demand that woman should *prove* her right to vote before voting. The real reasons for this act being precisely those that prove the right of men, it is the objector upon whom the burden of proof should be put. And yet history shows us that truth has always been put upon her defence, and obliged to show cause for her most legitimate action.

William Lloyd Garrison being called for, said he would much prefer to hear women themselves plead their own cause. He would however read some resolutions on that subject which he had prepared. The resolutions were the following:—

1. *Resolved*, That the natural and inherent rights of one human being are those of every other, in all cases equally sacred and inalienable: and neither affected by nor dependent upon sex or condition.

2. *Resolved*, That those who deride and resist the claims of woman to a full recognition of her civil rights and political equality strike at the foundation of all truly free and equitable government, contend for a sexual aristocracy which is as irrational and unjust in principle as that of hereditary descent, and show their love of liberty to be wholly one-sided and selfishly partial.

3. *Resolved*, That for men to claim for themselves the elective franchise and the right to choose their own law-making representatives, as essential to their freedom, safety and welfare, and then to deprive women of all these safeguards, solely on the ground of a difference of sex, is to evince the meanness of usurpation, and the folly of a self-assumed superiority, and to stand convicted of the grossest injustice.

4. *Resolved*, That woman as well as man, has a right to the highest physical development—to the most ample educational advantages—to the occupancy of whatever position she can fill in church and State, in science and art, in poetry and music, in painting and sculpture, in civil jurisprudence and political economy, and in the various departments of human industry, enterprise and skill, to the elective franchise, and to an equal voice in the administration of justice, and the enactment of laws for the general welfare.

5. *Resolved*, That to pretend that the granting of these claims will tend to make woman less amiable and refined, less regardful of her duties and obligations as wife and mother, a wanderer from her proper sphere, bringing confusion into domestic life, and strife into the halls of legislation, is the old outcry of legitimacy as to the incapacity of the people to govern themselves, and has no foundation in reason, experience, fact, or philosophy.

6. *Resolved*, That the necessary consequences arising from exclusion of woman from the possession and exercise of her natural rights have been calamitous to the whole human race, making her servile, dependent, unwomanly, the victim of a false gallantry on the one hand, and a tyrannical subjection on the other, crippling her physical development, obstructing her mental growth, and incapacitating her for general usefulness, and cultivating in man a lordly and arrogant spirit, a passionate love of dominion, and a pervading disposition to lightly regard her comfort and happiness.

7. *Resolved*, that so long as the most ignorant and degraded men are freely admitted to the ballot-box, and thus recognized as competent to decide who shall be put in office, and how the government shall be administered, it is preposterous to pretend that women are not as well qualified to participate in political affairs.

8. *Resolved*, That it is the coolest assumption for man to claim the prerogative of determining the sphere of woman, and he is adding insult to injury when he denounces her as unwomanly and condemns her as unsexing herself if she venture to pass over the limit he assigns her.

9. *Resolved*, That the common law, by giving to the husband the custody of his wife's person, does virtually place her on a level with paupers, criminals, lunatics, and idiots, since those are the only classes of adult persons over whom the law-makers have thought it necessary to place keepers.

10. *Resolved*, That our present democracy is an absurdity, since it deprives woman even of the political power which is allowed to her in Europe, and abolishes all other aristocracy only to establish a new aristocracy of sex, which includes all men and excludes all women.

11. *Resolved*, That the present unjust and inconsistent position of woman—not fully recognized either as a slave or as an equal—taxed, but not represented—authorized to earn property, but not free to control it—allowed to obtain education, but not encouraged to use it—permitted to form political opinions, but not allowed to vote on them—all mark a transitional period in human history which cannot long endure.

12. *Resolved*, That the main power of the Woman's Rights movement lies in this: That while demanding for woman better education, better employment, and better laws, it has always kept steadily in view the one cardinal demand for the right of suffrage; as being in a democracy the symbol and the guarantee of all other rights; and we pledge ourselves to renewed efforts until that right be secured. To this end we call upon the women of the Commonwealth to renew their petitions to the Legislature, at its next session, to submit to the decision of the recognized voters an amendment of the State constitution, so that the right to vote shall not be limited to male citizens.

Even a single case of obvious injustice, Mr. Garrison said, ought always to receive attention and remedy; still more, injustice which affects a large class of people; and eminently, when half the community are the subjects of injury. This last case is the case before us. The women's cause concerns half the people of Massachusetts, nay, half the population of the world. It is the greatest of all causes demanding reformatory action, and its greatness shows the urgent need of measures of redress. If we ask how, and by whom, agencies of redress shall be used, the answer must be, by woman herself, since it is folly to expect the oppressor voluntarily to change his course. Women must not only demand redress, but proceed to apply the remedy; use the means to obtain the ballot. In conclusion, Mr. Garrison read a notice just received by cable of a great meeting on this subject recently held in London, attended by many persons of rank and distinction, which passed a resolution in favor of woman's suffrage.

Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody of Boston was the next speaker. She made reference to the partial recognition of the political rights of women which had long existed in England, the forwardness of the movement there, and the need that the women of both countries help each other. She wished that Mrs. Howe might be requested to go as a representative of the women's cause in America to the International Women's Convention to be held, the coming autumn, in Berlin.

Voting, Miss Peabody said, is the expression of opinion in regard to the interests of society. Why should it be restricted to less than half of the community?

There are certain functions, certain departments in our civil State, which particularly need the active influence of woman. Among these the matter of education is prominent, and also the proper care of the poor, the sick, the insane and the criminal. Women should be among the Overseers of the Poor, and on the School Committee. Miss Peabody suggested that, since no law forbids the election of a woman to office, a reform in this matter might well begin by choosing women to such offices as they are obviously well fitted for.

Here a song was given by the Hutchinsons, who had kindly volunteered their assistance to the Convention, and who sang at intervals throughout the sessions, much to the satisfaction of the audience.

On motion of Rev. Joseph May of Newburyport, a vote was taken on the suggestion made by Miss Peabody, and the Convention expressed its desire that Mrs. Howe should be its representative at the approaching Congress of Women in Berlin.

The meeting then adjourned at 2 1-2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention was called to order in the afternoon by Rev. G. H. Vibbert, who presided at the request of the president.

The exercises were opened with singing after which Mr. May read the following letter:

LETTER FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

CONCORD, July 21st, 1869.

Dear Sir:—I am sorry to be wanting to kind expectation, but in these days I find so much work that cannot be set aside laid out for me that I am forced to decline all new tasks that are not imperative. So I must beg you to say to the Essex County Woman's Suffrage Association, that while I think their political claim founded in equity, and though perhaps it does not yet appear to any what precise form in practice it will and ought to take, yet the seriousness and thoughtfulness with which it is urged seem to me to mark an important step in civilization.

Respectfully,

(Signed) R. W. EMERSON.

A letter from Prof. Alpheus Crosby was also read, of which the following is an abstract:—

LETTER FROM PROF. ALPHEUS CROSBY.

Mr. Crosby said that it had been his full conviction for years that suffrage and other political rights ought to be without distinction of sex. This impartiality accorded best with the great principles of natural rights; with the instinctive demands of human nature; with the fundamental precepts of Christianity; with the progressive tendencies of the age; with the best development and culture of both men and women; with the truest manliness of man and womanliness of woman; with the happiness and highest benefit of the family institution, including the most efficient and judicious training of children; with the purity and good order of elections, and freedom from corrupting intrigues; with the enactment and enforcement of good laws, including a wise and tender care of the unfortunate, and proper provision for the education of the young, and for their protection from the seductions of intemperance and other forms of vice—and in general, with the best interests of our common humanity, and the best interests, both of men and of women, of the present and of future generations.

The objections to it spring chiefly from those prejudices and that fear of change which opposed the inception of all great social reforms—from that selfishness which wished to retain unjust advantages over others—from a superficial view and unauthorized application of certain statements and precepts found in Scripture—and from the supposition that this equality of political rights could only be introduced in a way subject to obvious evils, and dangers, viz:—by the promiscuous voting and office holding of men and women.

The characteristics of the way in which the desired equality could best be secured, Mr. Crosby thought was:—

1st. To give not only theoretical, but practical equality.

2d. It should attract women of intelligence and refinement to take an actual part in civil affairs.

3d. It should not be inconsistent with the full performance by women of the duties of their appropriate sphere, or with the highest perfection of feminine delicacy and loveliness. It should not change, or attempt to change women into men.

4th. It ought not to bring men and women into direct conflict or competition with each other. They ought to be equal; but it was against nature that they should be antagonistic or rivals.

These demands he thought could be met by letting our political institutions be organized upon similar principles with the ecclesiastical polity of the Society of Friends. The action of the sexes should be concurrent, carried on by separate meetings, having equal and concurrent jurisdiction. In each town let the men and the women meet separately for the election of officers and the transaction of other town business, and let no important measure affecting both sexes be adopted without the consent of both. In the government of the State he would have two representative bodies meeting in different rooms of the State House, one of men chosen by men, and the other of women chosen by women, and he would have these bodies be practically related to each other very much as our Senate and House of Representatives are now related. A single legislative body of each sex would then probably be thought sufficient.

In closing his letter, Mr. Crosby expressed his belief in the prevalence of the cause the convention had in view, and in order that the prevalence might be more speedy, he hoped the cause might be presented in that form which would least expose it to objection.

After the reading of the letters Mrs. Julia Ward Howe was again introduced to the convention, and she was greeted with warm applause, at the conclusion of which she read the following address, which I take from a full report in the Boston *Daily Advertiser:*

ADDRESS OF MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

I hold that whoever undertakes to criticize the present should make good his position by doing justice to the past. The cries of human suffering and clamors of human desire have the power and the right to make themselves heard. But the proclamation of the evil does not always indicate the remedy, and while the complaint may be made in the urgency of passion, the remedy must be urgent, and applied in the stringency of reason.

I say this in order to make it manifest that we who ask for a new reform do not, like people in the haste and extreme of misery, rashly accuse the historical antecedents in virtue of which we stand where we are. The great course of human life is justified of all its historic stages, and is to be received with patience and admiration. The early partialities of action result from corresponding partialities of thought. The extension of political activity answers to the extension of political intelligence, which accompanies education and moralization. That in the infancy of society the strongest man should rule the weakest was natural and inevitable; that in its progress the more cunning man should rule the more simple was not less so; that the man should first govern the woman, and then assume to govern for her,—these are all points of fact in this inevitable journey out of natural darkness into civil and social light. The true progress of society proves not the less to be away from this supineness of nature, from the predominance of brute force, of animal cunning. That is first which is natural, and afterwards that which is spiritual. From absolutism to democracy, from slavery to freedom, from superstitious sacrifice to intelligent belief—this is the way of progress, as surely as the earth's way of revolution is ever from the west to the east. There is in the earth a certain inert force which would keep it back from this energetic progress, and make it to roll back in a contrary direction. But the onward impulse given of God is too strong for it, and the whole mass, willing or unwilling, keeps on. So among men and women we find many, O how many! who would fain hang back or turn and go the other way, but the same divine commission of society will not allow them to do more than hold back the body politic. Change its direction! Not the great Napoleon nor the little Napoleon can do this. We who claim that men should neither govern the women nor govern for her, do not disallow the temporary ground on which such a disposition of things seemed inevitable. In its time it was so; but that time is now past. The wide enfranchisement of the race, the extension of the whole theory of representation, call women to a participation in its rights and duties. Without us legislation will continue partial and one sided in a day whose doctrine is that of fair and even proportions in the building of society.

Much of the ground to be gone over in placing the question of woman suffrage necessarily becomes trite and familiar, the letter perhaps having dulled upon the ear before the spirit penetrated the heart. This is the fate of human teaching. Much of the precious seed is choked with thorns—much is devoured by the birds of the air—much flowers into a momentary enthusiasm, dying under the first trial of sun and weather. That well worn decalogue, that Old New Testament, has been preached and hammered at in the hearing of the human race from time immemorial. Yet the preacher cries from the pulpit, Who has believed our report? Even so; although it has been repeatedly demonstrated to large assemblages of people that women are in the main as capable of political action and education as men. We who speak in their behalf are obliged whenever we confront the doubting and sympathizing public to restate our case, and to point out arguments afresh. Line upon line, precept upon precept, is the rule in those matters. Those who have not thought of them at all are always bringing up some objection which we have surely disposed of some hundred times, and presenting it as a discovery of their own, and an insuperable barrier to further procedure. The ground of attack, too, changes. Now our adversaries say, "For God's sake leave us women as women; don't make men of us," which miracle indeed no one among us contemplates, unless, indeed, the word man here stands for the Latin *vir*, and the prayer should read, "Don't make human beings of us," which work indeed God has not left for us to do. Another sends word from a distance that the women of education will never go to the polls in the rain, while the low German and Irish women will never stay away. With this weighty objection, he considers the whole question disposed of, and our pertinacity in still bringing it up reminds us of what Napoleon said of the English army at Waterloo, "These fools," said he "do not know when they are beaten." Neither do we, on this wise, perceive the easy victory anticipated by our adversaries. And in our encounters with time we can only ask that the field should be Waterloo and we the English. For Waterloo was a victory of peace. Weary Europe had danced long enough after the Napoleonic war, which cried aloud for leisure to till their fields and bring up their families, and ours is a contest for peace, since peace will rest on no foundation but that of justice. And the issue of justice at this moment is the political enfranchisement of all men and of all women. People clung to slavery because they feared that with its annihilation the fact of human service would cease. But service is a feature of human nature. And, as it usually turns out, the first and poorest form of an institution, when removed, left room for a better form. And so slave service, made room for Christian service—the service of the more to the less gifted, so he who served is for the time master. And we find that service must cease to be the exception, and become the rule in human matters. Thus the slavish form of womanhood once done away with, will leave room for a true and complete womanhood. We shall learn that the fashions which mutilate womanhood are not those that promote it. With freer action and larger education, woman will be not the less, but the more woman in every noble sense of the word.

Although I have spoken with necessary but tedious repetition in the statement of doctrine, I am not here to recapitulate all the difficulties which we have encountered. Some of these are disposed of. All of them will be. No one ascribes moral inferiority to women as a class. On the contrary. Now, as ethics are the crown, the supreme end and attainment of human life, it is very inconsistent to suppose that women who prove to have equal capacity with men for what is greatest and most difficult must of necessity show an inferior capacity in what is easier and more subordinate. This ground, we think, is rarely maintained at the present day.

There are, however, features in women as they exist at this moment which show how much of their moral education has been received from men, and how partial has been this education. A slavish seeking of recognition from the other sex, and ignoring the verdict of our own; apathy in politics, formality in religion,—the neglect of thought and substitution of routine wherever practicable—a mean satire of unusual action, even when accompanying unusual merit—these things they have learned from men; from men, often wise and good ones, who have made playthings of them, keeping the serious work of life for themselves. The man has read the book, and kept the woman amused with the picture cover. She stretches out her hand, and asks for the book. "How tiresome," says he; "I know all about the book; isn't that enough?"

Those congregations of fair ones who confront the Sunday preachers in such fullness and brilliancy of attire, with such a pretty, pious bustle in seating and unseating themselves (I come from Newport, remember, ladies and gentlemen)—what does the man of God, their spiritual pastor and master, teach them? Something about hell that frightens them; something about Heaven that puzzles them; much, perhaps, about Trinity and atonement in which they strictly believe, but of which they do not understand a word. It is the best, perhaps, that can be had or expected. But methinks a congregation of *true* women would not long endure this phraseology and repetition, a mechanical music which smoothly accompanies frivolity, but does not silence it. "Don't put us to sleep," they would say. "Don't rock our social cradle—we have enough of that. Wake us up. Explain to us thoughts of Christ, and things divine. The simplest line of your simplest hymns—the smallest word of your plainest gospel, have in them a ring, a power which your endless variations lose sight of and deform. But the preacher will say, "You are a woman, and I don't understand your moral diseases. I don't know what you need or what you can bear." And I, for my part, believe that in order to have true women in the congregation, we must occasionally have a true woman in the pulpit. (Applause). I rejoice, therefore, that the sacred profession of the preacher is now open to our sex. I hope to see women nobly filling professorships in all the branches of education nearly allied to the needs and interests of woman.

Self-government is the first word of morals and the last word of politics. This is why despotism is demoralizing. It forbids a man to comply with the first condition of morals, that is, to govern himself. Self-government, must indeed be government. The man who is idle, coarse, and rapacious, is self-indulging, not self-governing. The substitution of the inner for the outer restraint is that which moralizes man, and elevates society. The education of absolutism always leads away from this result, so dangerous to the despot. It places the sovereign authority anywhere but where God has placed it, in every human heart. And the man, taught to look at the distant centre of illumination, knows not that he himself is a star. Education can acquaint him with this fact, or conceal it from him. For he must remember that every generation is born helpless, and wholly at the mercy of that which rears and trains it.

And this brings me to one of the most common and most polite arguments advanced now-a-days against our measure, viz., that womankind at large do not desire the suffrage. The immorality of this argument is obvious to me; perhaps I can make it so to others. Do mankind at large desire the best things? Do all the children cry for the slate and spelling-book? Does the youth demand to be made acquainted with the higher mathematics, and the doctrine of pure reason? Does the little girl, as soon as she can speak, inquire concerning the shape of the earth, the doctrine of eclipses, the records of the Assyrian Empire, etc., etc.? Yet you feel it a disgrace, a dereliction, to withhold these things from those who are ignorant not only of their value but of their existence.

Let us suppose that one of you has a ward, born heir to possessions of which he can, of himself, have no knowledge. You who hold him in tutelage are careful not to impart to him this knowledge. He grows up the servant of your pleasure, or the pensioner of your bounty, never dreaming of that which belongs to him in his own right. A third party steps in and says, "You are withholding your ward's birthright. Why do you not give it to him?" You reply, "He has never asked for it." The next question certainly would be, "Did you ever tell him of it?"

Man on this wise has naturally held woman in tutelage—man, naturally the inventor of politics, from his greater freedom from the burdensome conditions of nature, his earlier and wider enjoyment of the advantages of education. The opposition of sex suggested to him the political opposition of activity and passivity, control and submission. He has exerted all his predominance and force of authority to continue the mind and habit of the sex in this direction. The friends of woman now say "You are keeping women out of their estate. They are born as free as you are, as capable of the individuality of thought, and the directness of moral inspiration. But you have made them secondary and derivative. You limit their education, prescribe their work, keep down their wages, control their persons and their offsprings and spend their money. Why don't you give them what nature gives to both of you alike, and what superior culture and opportunity enable you to keep for yourselves?" And man replies, "She don't want it." But the further question is, "Have you ever told her of it?" "Not such a fool as that," says the man.

But now earnest men and women are telling of this to the less thoughtful and instructed. They show woman a new ideal, erect, free-souled, free-handed. "This is what you would be," say they. Half of your rights, all of your political estate is kept from you; only so much is doled out to you as will enable you to appear in a conceded equality with men. On an actual equality they have never allowed you to stand. And I would have the world take note, awakened by admiration and encouraged by the earnest sympathy of true souls, womankind are asking for their own.

And in connection with this new position of woman I have yet one word to say. Our appeals to women of fortunate position in behalf of the sex in general are sometimes met by a reply in which a certain satirical intention is obvious. One of these friends, on being invited to take part in the suffrage convention held in Boston last spring, made reply to the following effect:—"I have all the privileges that I desire. I am a happy wife and mother, and do not see that I have anything further to ask for." As this lady was wealthy, and of the denomination of Friends, I dare say that she had as little to desire for herself as most women. She has no doubt outward ease, and inward freedom. But she seems to have forgotten the fact that many of her sex are not happy wives and mothers, are not safe within a circle of admiring friends, but are struggling single-handed with the world, in legal and spiritual bondage. The thought of these should have called her from her luxurious fireside to examine into these things, or at least to hear the reports of those who thus examine. The good Samaritan was whole in heart and in purse when he took upon himself the necessities of him who had fallen among thieves. And Christ was not in need of anything when he healed diseases, and cast out demons. Like these, it becomes us, however prosperous ourselves, to find out what others want, and how to help them to it. We women must make common cause. We have been passive as a sex; we must now be active as a sex. We must say, "We are women; we consider nothing that is womanly as alien to us. The women within doors, and the women without, the women in velvet gowns, and the women in rags, the women who are so well off that they cannot think of anything which they need, and the women so unfortunate that they can think of nothing which they do not need. We must meet to tell and to hear the sad story, to give and to receive the fitting counsel and comfort. For if men should say with truth that women are careless of the general interest of their sex, and specially concerned in their own individual welfare only, they would say what should make us sad and sorry, and throw upon us a blame and a shame from which we should make haste by earnest thought and earnest action, to free ourselves. Let our poor efforts, feeble and desultory in themselves, but strong, because they are in the direction indicated by providence, and knit up in the great work of human effort and divine result, initiate this earnestness of thought and action. Let us see whether we cannot build a noble temple of womanhood, in which the lessons of the past shall aid the claims of the future; in which the better beauty of the soul shall eclipse the transient bloom of youth and the frivolous form of fashion. The age asks such a school, such a monument. Each of the thoughtful days which we devote to deliberations like the present lays its stone, hewn and polished, in the rising walls of this structure. Some of us are moving, and try our hands with the spade and trowel, while men who have grown grey in the service of man stand by to abuse and insult our efforts. Happy are they who even at the eleventh hour enter upon this blessed work. Happier they who have given to it the first and fairest years of their mental maturity. But happiest shall we all be when our work is established, and when prejudice in custom and law shall cease to offer obstacles to the progress and development of one half of the human race, and that half the mother of all. (Applause).

Mrs. E. F. Bowles of Cambridgeport was the next speaker. She spoke of Lucy Stone's long labors in the women's cause, and of the high testimony borne to it by the purity and nobleness of its advocate. She pointed out the need of active labor still to bring forward the needful changes in law and custom, and quoted from Mr. Sewall's "Legal Condition of Women in Massachusetts," some of the existing provisions injurious to women, both as individuals, and as wives and mothers.

Experience of the disabilities here referred to has shown women their need of the suffrage for self-protection. They want the ballot for this purpose; but they see also some benefit to the public as the result of their exercise of this right. The great service women could render as members of School Committees is too obvious to need mention, and since we frequently hear of cruel and even brutal treatment of the inmates of houses of correction and asylums for the insane, it seems desirable that women should be found among their supervisors.

Judge Ames of Haverhill was then introduced to the audience. He thought this one of the occasions when each person ought to show his colors. He had always favored the reform here advocated; and he told some amusing anecdotes, from personal experience, of the objections brought against it, and of the right way of making public opinion in its favor. He thought that the principal obstacle to women's suffrage was the indifference of women in regard to it. As to arguments against it, there are none. Nay, more; there is no argument for men's voting that is not applicable to women as well. Woman's sphere is to do what she *can* do; and it is now found that she can do as well as men many of the things that they desire to monopolize.

Judge Ames said that he not only felt assured of the rights of women as human beings, but that his position for eleven years past had made him familiar with their business relations, and their capacities of various sorts; and he felt convinced that the only right course was to give them the ballot. He explained some of the legal provisions respecting the descent of property, showing the inequality of treatment of the two sexes in this regard, and described the still greater wrong done by our laws to mothers in regard to the guardianship of their children. Judge Ames closed by urging the ardent advocacy of this cause in public and private.

Rev. Olympia Brown of Weymouth then came forward, and called attention to the important truth set forth in one of the resolutions. The women of this age ought to use their advantages to build up a noble temple of womanhood. She referred to the foreshadowings of a higher career for woman scattered through the course of Old Testament history, and to the fact that, under Christianity, women are called to liberty. She vindicated the Apostle Paul from recent misrepresentations of Dr. Bushnell, and found in Paul's epistles a full recognition of the equality of brethren and sisters in the Christian work, and thus, of course, in the duties of life. The mastership of men over women is contrary to the whole spirit of the New Testament.

As to the appropriate sphere of woman, every human being should make his or her own sphere. It is not only the right but the duty of every woman to follow out the powers and capabilities which God has given her, and to learn by such trial what sphere she can best occupy; and this course of effort, binding upon all women, is the special duty of women who are trying to lead Christian lives.

Rev. Mr. Wright, pastor of one of the Methodist Episcopal churches of Newburyport, being asked to speak, consented to give his creed. He believed that every human being had as good a right to the full development of his powers as any other; that one has no right to pronounce beforehand upon the powers or the sphere of another without giving that other the chance of proving his or her own powers; that, these things being so, we should all exert ourselves to remove the disabilities which our laws still impose upon women. Further, he believed that the fitness of women for new kinds of work, and also for official station, will settle itself according to the law of demand and supply; and lastly that, when a thing is seen to be true, he who sees it is bound to promote it.

Mr. Garrison was then requested to speak, but thought it better to move an adjournment to the evening.

The evening session was one of very great interest, very largely attended, and prolonged beyond the usual time of evening meetings, so great was the desire to hear the promised speakers.

The first speaker of the evening was Rev. Phebe A. Hanaford, who criticised with energy some of the public opponents of the women's cause. Mrs. Bowles then spoke a second time, and was followed by Mr. Garrison, who pointed out the uselessness of attempting to settle a question of this sort by quotations from Scripture, since the most diverse opinions are entertained by different people as to what that book really says and really means, and also because the rights of human beings are anterior to, and greater than, all books whatsoever.

After these addresses a collection was taken, the audience being desired to contribute funds and make pledges, not for the expenses of this meeting only, but to aid the Society in its plan of holding many conventions in various parts of Essex County during the summer and fall. A vote was then taken upon the resolutions offered in the morning, which were unanimously passed.

Miss Mary Graves of Reading, a student of theology, then made an interesting and impressive address, making the title and contents of Dr. Bushnell's book the text for some judicious criticism. Rev. George H. Vibbert of Rockport, to whose skill in prearrangement the meeting owed much of its success, then set forth the special advantages which the cause of temperance would certainly gain from women's suffrage; and Rev. Mr. Galvin of Danvers, the last speaker, cited abundant evidence from history of the skill manifested by woman both in counsel and administration.

The Convention adjourned at half-past-ten, and its conductors have good reason to be satisfied with its success.

C. K. W.

LITERARY.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers are preparing for the fall trade a large and valuable list of new books—"The writings of Madame Swetchine," translated by Miss Preston; "The Primeval World," by Rev. H. H. Hedge, D.D.; "A Homilitical Commentary on the New Testament," by Joseph Parker, D.D., author of "Ecce Deus;" "An English Primer," by E. A. Abott, M. A., and J. R. Seeley, M. A., author of "Ecce Homo;" Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," illustrated with 24 silhouettes, by P. Knewko; "Tales from the old Dramatists," by Shirley Brooks; "Little Mysteries and Little Plagues," by John Neal, a book for both parents and children; "The Three Magic Words," a story for young folks, by Mrs. E. Prentiss, author of the "Susy Books;" "The Little Housewife," illustrated by Oscar Pletsch; "Letters Everywhere;" and "Thorwaldsen, His Life and Works," from the French of Eugene Plon.

A discovery of "lost letters" has just been made which is of singular interest—nothing less curious than the suppressed correspondence of Charles I. with his friends on the eve of the battle of Naseby. The House of Commons printed at the time a collection of Royal letters under the name of *The King's Cabinet Opened.* These letters were thirty-nine in number; but it has been always known that, for reasons of State, a good many of the King's letters were kept back. These suppressed letters are the papers recently found. They are in private hands; but we hope to hear that in due time copies of them, at least, will be obtained for public use.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. announce that they have in preparation for the Christmas and New Year's holidays, beautifully illustrated editions of Whittier's *Ballads*, and Longfellow's *The Building of the Ship.* The same house will immediately publish a new cheap popular edition of *Robertson's Sermons; The Seven Curses of London*, by James Greenwood, author of *A Night in a Watchhouse;* and *The Secret of Swedenborg*, by Henry James.

When Mrs. Stowe was in England she made the acquaintance of Lady Byron, who gave her a full and circumstantial account of her wedded life and her separation from Lord Byron. The Countess Guiccioli gives her version of the affair in *Recollections of Lord Byron.* Now that the mistress has spoken, the wife should be heard, and in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* Mrs. Stowe will tell *The True Story of Lady Byron's Life.*

Swinburne has undertaken to edit *Coleridge's Christabel* and the *Lyrical Poems*, with an introductory essay.

RECEIVED.

THE PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF

Miscellaneous Department.

THREE OLD SAWS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

If the world seems cold to you,
Kindle fires to warm it!
Let their comfort hide from view,
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own,
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather."

If the world's a wilderness,
Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
On the wind to din it?
Raise a hut, however slight,
Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
Smile till rainbows span it;
Breathe the love that life endears,
Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lead a gleam
Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
Blends with Hope's bright river.

EDUCATION FOR GIRLS.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

NUMBER II.

An organized movement has recently come to the surface, called "The American Woman's Educational Association." It was set on foot, more than twenty years ago, by Miss Catharine Beecher, and its objects are stated in a series of Resolutions which have been published in the *Banner of Light* and other journals.

The aim of this Association is excellent, so far as one department of woman's education is concerned. "As the nurse of infancy and of the sick, as educator of childhood, and as the chief minister of the family state" she certainly is entitled to a new recognition, and for these kindly offices she needs suitable training; but to call them the "*distinctive profession*" of woman seems on the one hand to be an assumption, and on the other a restriction of the circle of her activities. A "profession" is not simply a mechanical occupation, but the term represents, or it should represent, thorough discipline of the mental faculties and a preparedness thereby to enter upon a life-work not only useful but remunerative. If the worthy ladies of the Association can so redeem the offices of the wife and mother from their dishonored state as to secure for them that bread-winning, home-building equivalent which rewards the labor of the commonest clodhopper or artisan, they may then dignify these offices by the name of a "profession." But to endow institutions to teach women to be better housekeepers, wives and mothers, limiting them to the duties thereof as their only "profession" or means of subsistence, and then to do nothing toward making this "profession" remunerative, is simply leaving them in their poverty and dependence, with an added power to discern their misery.

But if the justice long withheld be contemplated for the domestic woman by Miss Beecher, Mrs Stowe and their friends, we hail the advent of their enterprise. And if the training of girls in domestic pursuits will make that justice more speedy and sure, let there be no delay in its inauguration. If a woman devotes all the energies of her being, as many of our mothers have, to the production and rearing of offspring, to hard and wearing household labor, to making comfortable and beautiful the abode, to the ceaseless care in sickness and health of the many into which the household twain have multiplied, to the nameless and numberless offices of tenderness and affection with which the name of mother is entwined in all the sacred memories of home, there is no fortune too great for her to share on equal terms with her companion, no laurel too consecrated for her noble brow. In all the avails of the husband's skill and industry, she, the conservator and the producer, in the highest sense, should be an equal partner.

But, while there are some who might like to make domestic economy their sole study, a majority of American girls would not be content with the advantages offered by schools endowed for that purpose, even though the curriculum comprised the branches of out-door employment suggested by the ladies of the Association, "such as raising fruits and flowers, the culture of silk and cotton, the raising of bees and the superintendance of dairy farms and manufactures." It would be well to establish institutions like Cornell University, with a department of Domestic Economy, one of Horticulture, etc., and, at the same time, with latitude sufficient to give the students a choice in other departments of study if desired. Indeed, it is discreditable to our educational umpires that American girls should have to wait for new institutions to be founded of broad and comprehensive scope. Cornell should invite our daughters as well as our sons to share its advantages; so should Michigan University; so should the colleges of our land, richly endowed and equipped as they are by state liberality, the munificent bequests of women as well as men, and the slow accumulations from the rich treasuries of Nature and art, of which the years and the centuries have made them the repositories.

Women are called superficial, ignorant, and frivolous. Why should they not be so, with all these rich stores of learning shut away from them and reserved for their brothers and sons? What comparison can be truly instituted between the mental calibre of a daughter who spends three years in the vain attempt to get a "finished education" at a fashionable boarding school, and a son who takes the Baccalaureate degree in one of our old-established Universities, having begun, in the line of solid acquirements, where the girl left off? Nay. It is time that our girls should have an equal chance with our boys for thorough and continuous discipline before we pass judgment upon their comparative abilities and tendencies. Furthermore, it is time that brothers and sisters who are reared and educated together up to a certain age, should be sent out together to attain the additional education which the universities have in store. It is not the highest wisdom to then place them in separate schools. As in the domestic circle, so in the academy; boys are refined, their social faculties are cultivated, and their moral tendencies are strengthened, by the presence and influence of girls; while the latter attain courage and vigor, clearness of mental perception, and proficiency in difficult studies, by means of such association.

Meantime, while the public mind is slowly approaching this view of the subject, we see the thorough awakening which has commenced by the new plans already devised and the new institutions established for woman's training and education. Mrs. L. S. Batchelder has in Boston a training school, where the work talked about by the "Woman's Educational Association" is already begun. She teaches sewing and the use of the machine, and means to have printing, tetegraphing, and various other branches of remunerative industry taught to such girls and women as will attend. S. S. Packard, of the New York Business College, generously offers to educate gratuitously any fifty well recommended and worthy young women of limited means, and says that when they have graduated, he will undertake to get them positions. Dr. Dio Lewis did our countrywomen a great service by introducing that admirable system of physical culture which was made a specialty in his school for girls at Lexington, Mass., and has been adopted with great success by Mrs. Handy of Boston, the Misses Bush, of Belvidere, N. J., Vassar College, and many other young ladies' schools and seminaries. Theodore D. Weld, formerly associated with Dr. Lewis, now with Dr. and Mrs. Handy, has given a new and true bias to the mental training of girls by his Socratic method of instruction, aiming "to tempt forth, by pure and appropriate questions, the great thoughts that lie buried in the mental essence;" and the rich, ripe years of his useful life, and those of his companion, Angelina, are devoted to promoting that higher culture which will result in nobler womanhood.

Avenues for the professional education of women are opening on every hand, both in this country and in Europe. New York, Boston and Philadelphia, are now furnished with institutions for their medical instruction. The first one in the world chartered for this purpose was the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and this, at its Sixteenth Annual Commencement, conferred the degree of Doctor of Medicine on ten ladies. The University of Zurich is open to women; and an American lady, a graduate of the Pennsylvania College, has been admitted to attend the lectures at l'Ecole Pratique, Paris, and to all the Paris hospitals. Miss Garrett, the first graduate of an English medical school, after a heroic struggle with the powers that be, is pursuing her vocation with great success. A "Society for the Professional Instruction of women" was founded in Paris in May, 1862, under the presidency of Madame Lemonnier, with the generous aim of affording to girls without fortune the advantage of a special or technical education. This Institution has been so managed as to reduce the outlay to a mere trifle, while many pupils are admitted gratuitously. The course of study occupies four years. The hours of the forenoon are given to preliminary and general instruction, comprising the elementary branches, drawing, singing, mathematics, and the rudiments of natural history, physics, and chemistry, applied to the useful arts. The afternoons are devoted to the specialties which form the proper object of the Institution, such as dressmaking, wood-engraving, painting on porcelain, and a commercial course, which comprehends the study of modern languages and book-keeping. The school opened with fifteen pupils. In 1864, it numbered one hundred and fifty, and organized a branch Institution; and now the two schools have an attendance of three hundred and fifty members.

In St. Petersburg, courses of lectures on history, philology, mathematics, and the natural sciences will, it is said, be opened next autumn, at the University, for the benefit of women. The establishment of an international periodical is talked of in London, under the patronage of the Crown Princess of Prussia, Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, to be devoted to an interchange of ideas among European women for the promotion of their education in the higher branches, and for the extension of the public employment of woman's talent.—*Banner of Light.*

To be continued.

UNDER THE CLOUD.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

O, BEAUTEOUS things of earth!
I cannot feel your worth
To-day.

O, kind and constant friend!
Our spirits cannot blend
To-day.

O, Lord of truth and grace!
I cannot see Thy face
To-day.

A shadow on my heart
Keeps me from all apart
To-day.

Yet something in me knows
How fair creation glows
To-day:

And something makes me sure
That love is not less pure
To-day;

And that th' Eternal Good
Minds nothing of my mood
To-day.

Fed from a hidden bowl,
A lamp burns in my soul
All days!

—*Overland Monthly.*

THE IRISH REFORMATORY PRISON SYSTEM.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

THE reformatory or intermediate system, known as the Irish system, is, perhaps, at present, the most perfect in the world. A brief sketch of it will doubtless prove interesting to the readers of *Hearth and Home.*

The originator of what is called the mark system was Capt. Alexander Machonochie, the essential principle of which system was a series of marks for industry in work, progress in religious and secular knowledge, and general good conduct, which marks had a money value in the prison, and served for the purchase of food, clothes, and other comforts and indulgences during the incarceration of the prisoner—the surplus, after defraying all his prison expenses, to be applied to his liberation upon an earlier day than the full term of the sentence. This theory, which seemed too wise and liberal for British authority to comprehend, was allowed, however, to be tried, although shorn of some of its features, upon the penal colony of Norfolk Island, in the South Pacific. A paradise, about six miles long and four miles wide, to which the vilest, the most heavily sentenced, the most brutal and refractory convicts, the offscourings—in fact, the very dregs, as it were, of the other penal colonies, are sent as a final punishment, beyond which there is none other. To this Island, Capt. Machonochie was sent with a trunk full of Conduct-books, to try an experiment, the result of which has been to modify the system of prison discipline in nearly all civilized countries. At the end of his four years' administration, this extraordinary man says:

"I found the Island a turbulent, brutal hell; I left it a peaceful, well ordered community. The most complete security alike of person and property prevailed. Officers, women, and children traversed the Island everywhere without fear; and huts, gardens, stock-yards, and growing crops, many of them, such as fruit, most tempting, were scattered in every corner without molestation."

The wonderful success of this experiment led, finally, to the system of prison discipline known as the Irish system, which, under the auspices of its originator, Sir Walter Crofton, has become nearly perfect. Appointed chairman of the directors of prisons in Ireland in 1854, he found the state of those institutions most deplorable; the moral and physical condition of the convicts as wretched as could be. But he held out to these benighted creatures a word which has so entirely changed the nature of these men, that it has excited the commendations of the government of the civilized world. That word was Hope!

It was but the enlargement of the mark system of Captain Machonochie, adapted to the capacities of convicts, not so utterly bad as those on Norfolk Island. In this system there are three distinct stages—the first is punishment itself, without much to alleviate it. For eight months the prisoner is sentenced to solitary confinement, in the first four of which he has no other bed but a plank, with a box for a pillow. He is allowed no meat, and his only work is picking oakum. On their first commitment, prisoners are full of antagonism, often of defiance, but they soon find there is a power over them stronger than their will or endurance. They are informed, in the beginning of their incarceration, that they hold within their own hands the power of exempting themselves from a portion of this tedious imprisonment. In the second four months of this first stage, a bed and bedding are allowed the convict, his diet is improved, other employment is provided for him, his door is left partially open, he begins to appreciate these slight favors; and, if his conduct has been worthy of it, as shown by the mark-book, even this stage of his imprisonment is shortened. If, on the contrary, his misconduct has closed the door upon him, has reduced his diet to what it was before, has replaced the bed and pillows with a plank and wooden box, who can he blame but himself? He feels that there is a powerful hand over him, too powerful for him to resist, but at the same time gentle and careful of his welfare.

In the second stage, the convicts who have passed through the first are transferred to prisons where they are employed on government structures, or, if artisans, are set to work at in-door trades. The congregate and silent system here prevails. The convicts are allowed to work in company, but are not allowed to speak to each other. The most rigid watchfulness is kept up by the officers, and any infraction of prison discipline is at once noted by a mark of disobedience. On the contrary, those who are amenable to the rules receive marks of reward for "good conduct," for "school"—that is, the attention and desire shown for improvement—and for "industry." These good and bad marks are rated against each other. Those who show the best record are raised to a higher class; those against whom the seal of demerit is set are degraded into a lower. As the prisoner gradually improves in his conduct and learns the art of self-control, he is preparing himself for the third or intermediate stage.

In this class the prisoner is no longer under a rigid supervision, and he is surrounded by many of the temptations of ordinary life. If he passes a year in this exemplary class, his right to self-government is restored to him; he is now in the third stage, and permitted to enjoy almost as much freedom as laboring people in civil life. All surveillance is withdrawn; the prisoners almost cease to be prisoners; labor without an overseer; they are trusted to go of errands anywhere in the city of Dublin and through the country, and to work beyond the prison limits; and they are only locked up at night, and even then not in solitary cells. They converse together as freely as any laboring men do; no restriction whatever is placed upon this, except those moral, self imposed restraints which result from an honest and dilligent attention to work. Thus they are prepared and trained to reenter again upon that life of full freedom which for a time they had forfeited. The man is soon to become his own man:—

"Lord of himself, that heritage of woe."

In this intermediate stage, which sometimes lasts for several years, all the educational resources of modern times are placed before the regenerate convict—schools, lectures, books, advice to show him the course he should take to amend his life; he is instructed in the elementary principles of natural science, and he is also taught to avoid the wickedness and danger of criminal pursuits. That which should have formed a part of his earliest culture, which the ignorance of parents or misfortunes of poverty had denied him, is now for the first time revealed to him. "It is wonderful," says the report from which I have gathered so much of this information (Report of the Hon. G. B. Hubbell on the prisons of England and Ireland), "it is wonderful what a waking up of the dormant powers of intellect, what a development of all the elements of manhood, is effected even in the most vicious and degraded by this course of training."

It must be mentioned that the dress worn by the men in this intermediate stage is not different from that ordinarily worn by other mechanics. It has no penal badge attached to it, nothing to show that the man is now or has been a prisoner. The man now trained in discipline is ready to take an active part in life; better trained, in fact, than the vast majority of those who are brought up in sloth, in ignorance, and in poverty. He is now free, and the first question that presents itself to him is: "What am I to do? Where shall I find work?" This was the most difficult part of the problem. Reformed convicts find little chance for employment; employers place no faith in them, and honest workmen will not work beside them in the same shop. In order to overcome these seemingly insuperable difficulties, a plan of great ingenuity was adopted. Four roads to honorable employment are open to the men—the labor-market at home, the labor-market abroad, the army, and the sea. We will pass the last three, confining ourselves to the ingenious method by which the demand for these men came from the labor-market at home. Avoiding appeals to all charitable associations for assistance, a map was made of Ireland, upon which all factories, or other places where men were employed, were carefully located. Personal application was then made to the heads of these establishments for employment by wise and discreet agents. At first the application was met by prompt refusals; in many instances coupled with abusive words, contempt and derision. The men so recommended had been carefully tested, and *sifted*, as it were, from those who were worthless and utterly dissolute. Time and perseverance at length broke down the barriers of prejudice. A few of the men found places—of course their real names and history were known only to the agent and the employer. A trial proved them to be faithful, able, willing, and obedient. The demand increased for such men; they were found to be better able to withstand the temptations that beset the other workmen. The demand has increased to such an extent that now no man well recommended by the prison agent need want employment in Ireland. Hundreds of men are thus restored to their families and to life, to take an active part in the world. And, strange to say, in point of fidelity, they are more to be depended upon than the ordinary classes of workmen. This is a brief analysis of Sir Water Crofton's Irish system.

DR. CHALMERS beautifully says: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

SPIDERS fly without wings. Some spiders wrap themselves up in silken bags, and float through the air in great numbers. There is a tiny black spider, very common on the Sussex coast, which flies about floated by a filament, as a boy swims, floated by a string of bladders. Wings, therefore, are not essential to fly; but a certain proportional lightness is essential. A boy does not need bladders to float in water; he only needs to know how to maintain his ballance; but a spider seems to require its thread, as a bird requires a gaseous structure and wing surface.

HE LEADS US ON.

He leads us on,
By paths we did not know,
Upward He leads us, though our steps be slow,
Though oft we faint and falter by the way,
Though storms and darkness oft obscure the day,
Yet when the clouds are gone
We know He leads us on.

He leads us on
Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts and fears
He guides our steps. Through all the tangled maze
Of sin, of sorrow, and o'erclouded days,
We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on.

And He, at last,
After the weary strife,
After the restless fever we call life—
After the dreariness, the aching pain,
The wayward struggles which have proved in vain—
After our toils are past—
Will give us rest at last.

SHEDDEN.

THIS is the name of an English woman of the singular number and positive case, her possession being a lawsuit. Whether Miss Shedden belongs to that unhappy class which regards mankind with an evil eye is of no consequence; nor is it of consequence what her law suit was about. The case came before the House of Lords, Miss Shedden appearing in her own behalf. She plead her cause before the Lord Chancellor and his associates. Now if there be any place where patience and fortitude are exhibited as heroic virtues, it is in an English Court of law. The eminent Big Wig listens to motions, pleas, rejoinders, with serene gravity, no muscles relaxed, no nerve shaken—as calm and unmoved as though cast in bronze, and set up to exemplify the unwearied dignity and decorum of British jurisprudence. But the Shedden was too much for the Big Wig. As they would say at Weisbaden or Hamburg, she broke the bank. Was it marvelous that even the patience of the Lord Chancellor should have broken down after nineteen days of incessant Shedden? She had said her say concerning the facts of the case, and the rulings and decision of the Lower Court; but she expressed a desire to address the Big Wigs a few days longer on the law points of the case. Here is a scene that took place on the nineteenth day:

"The Lord Chancellor—We have had all this already several times before. Every day a long time is wasted by an unnecessary preface.

"Miss Shedden—But it is stated out of Court that I voluntarily chose to argue my own case.

"The Lord Chancellor—Never mind statements out of Court, but come to business.

"Miss Shedden—But facts have been omitted.

"The Lord Chancellor—We have fully determined that we will not hear you on facts, but on those points only of evidence that were improperly received or rejected, and the motion for a new trial. We insist on your arguing these only, or we will not hear you.

"Miss Shedden began a remonstrance, but the Lord Chancellor said—I will not hear another word, except on the points I have named.

"Lords Chelmsford and Colonsay said they fully concurred in the determination of the Lord Chancellor.

"The Lord Chancellor—With which subject will you begin? You shall name your point for argument, and confine yourself to that.

"Miss Shedden—Allow me for one moment.

"The Lord Chancellor—No, not for one moment. This has gone too long. Tell us which point you will go upon. Answer my question. You are trifling most improperly with the Court. It is beyond all endurance.

"Miss Shedden—I do not understand, my lord.

"The Lord Chancellor—Your conduct is most indecent. You seem determined to baffle the Court. Are you about to address the House now on the question of the admissibility of evidence? This is absolutely childish.

"Miss Shedden—I demand a jury.

"The Lord Chancellor—Answer my question.

"Miss Shedden—To argue law, I must have notes. I have been ill, and these have been left behind.

"Miss Shedden, after three-quarters of an hour had been consumed in discussion, said that she would argue the question of the improper rejection of evidence, and proceeded to do so."

The Lord Chancellor, after this little ebullition, allowed the Shedden to proceed, and she kept on, apparently as exhaustless as when she began till the twenty-first day arrived. She appeared so fresh, so ready, so cheerful, that the Big Wigs became desperate, and one of the Lords determined to squelch the amiable Shedden, which he proceeded to do after this fashion:

"There now only remains the evidence of two or three witnesses, and the new facts in support of the motion for a new trial, to be considered. To-day will be sufficient for your argument on these points. You, Miss Shedden, have been heard at a length which has never been permitted to another suitor. Now, we have determined that your address *must* be finished to-day, which is the twenty-first day of the hearing. *We admit no excuse.* The other suitors must now have a chance. Your father may follow you, if indeed he *can find anything to say after the case has been so fully gone into.*" * * *

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

MID-DAY IN SUMMER.

LO! LYING in the fierce meridian heat,
The beauteous earth looks like a thing that dreams,
And, all o'ercome with stupor strangely sweet,
She wholly in the warm sun's clutches seems.
Cows seek the shed's cool shade; in sober wise,
So lazily through the languid noontide air,
A crow flies from the high green hill that lies
Aback beyond the flat. The heat, the glare
Chalks out the white highway that runs along
The distant upland. Not a bird makes choice
To warble even the fragment of a song,
And nature would not own a single voice
But for the restless brooks that, all alive,
Murmur like bees content in honeyed hive.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

GEMS.—Little drops of rain brighten the meadows. Little acts of kindness brighten the world.

Situations are like skeins of thread. To make the most of them we have only to take them by the right ends.

That alone can be called true refinement which elevates the soul of man, purifying his manners by improving the intellect.

"GOOD manners are the blossom of a plant
Of which the roots are truth, love, purity,
And last, not least, an even-balanced wisdom.
Let the roots flourish, and the flower will bloom
In its own shape and color; not the same
In every plant, but always beautiful;
The very soul breathed outward to the sense,
But manners thrust upon us from without
Are like the tinsel flowers they make in France,
All of one hue and pattern, lifeless, scentless
Bearing no seed within their painted cups,
And ending with themselves."

WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?—Well, now, let us come down to the practical question that comforts us; what are we to do about temperance? Well, clearly we are to deal with those who make drunkards as we should deal with men who should walk through a powder magazine with lighted pipes, or with men who should hurl Greek fire through the streets of a town, or with men who should sell arsenic or any other poison to all comers who might ask for it. Some force or other should be put upon men who disregard all consideration but their own love of gain; some constraint imposed by those who suffer at their hands. The cause of prohibition has an unpopular name just now, and perhaps the moral sense of the community will be long in accepting the idea of literal prohibition. But in some form or other that is the thing we must have. We must control by law the men who now deal with their poison in a free and irresponsible manner. We must come to see that they who deal in liquors are the men who bring upon us a large share of our taxes, fill a large share of our court-rooms, and make many of our houses desolate. No one has a son growing up, but he watches his development with a passionate, tearful and unremitting solicitude lest he fall into the temptation for drink and sink into a drunkard's grave. And were we not demoralized as we are on the subject of temperance, every one would see that our laws which control all kinds of nuisances, which control the sale of poisons, which control the general safety of the community, should also control the sale of those destructive liquors.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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